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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 87.—Vol. II.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

ONE PENNY



THE WAR IN AMERICA.—DEATH OF THE HERO, "STONEWALL" JACKSON. (See page 547.)

Notes of the Week.

ON SUNDAY morning, about half-past eight o'clock, a fire broke out on the premises belonging to Messrs. Grimble, Hays, and Co., vinegar manufacturers, situate in Cumberland-market. The discovery was made by a police-constable of the D division, who saw the smoke pouring out of a building used as the engine-house attached to the grinding and malt houses. It was at one time apprehended that the entire plant would have been levelled with the ground. The engines of the parish, with several of the London Brigade, including one of the land steamers, were soon on the spot. Fortunately, a good supply of water was obtained from a couple of manual power engines having been set to work, the firemen, under the direction of Mr. Staples, the chief officer of the C district, at length succeeded in cutting off the further extension of the flames, and the fire was confined to the destruction of the grinding and malt houses, and the engine-house. The other portions of the premises escaped, comparatively speaking uninjured. The loss is considerable, but the firm is understood to be insured, and the disaster will not prevent the business from being carried on as previously.

ON Saturday morning considerable excitement prevailed in the vicinity of Stepney, in consequence of the determined suicide of Mr. William Davies, aged sixty-four. The deceased had formerly been in a lucrative position in the City, but for some years he had been engaged at a barrister's office. On the previous Friday evening he paid his landlady his rent, and seemed very desponding. She asked him the cause, when he replied, "I am in trouble respecting my son's embarrassments, and I am afraid I shall some day destroy myself." On Saturday he did not make his appearance as usual, when Mrs. Davies, the daughter-in-law, knocked at his bedroom door, but not receiving an answer she entered the apartment. She forced an entrance with some difficulty, and found him suspended to a nail on the inner side of the door. He had a fearful gash on the front of the neck, extending from ear to ear, and a razor was lying on the hearth in front of the fire-place. A messenger ran for Dr. Cory, of the Commercial-road East, who attended with promptitude, but the unfortunate deceased had been dead several hours. The medical gentleman was astonished to think that the deceased had the fortitude, after such a severe wound in the throat, to procure the cord and suspend himself to the top of the door.

THE Liverpool borough coroner held an investigation on Saturday into the circumstances attending the death of Sarah Dwyer, the wife of a labouring man residing in Roper-street, who was found with her throat cut, and dead, in the room which she and her husband inhabited. The authorities are not satisfied with the explanation which the husband gives relative to the woman destroying herself, as the knife with which the deed was perpetrated was found at a considerable distance from the body of the deceased, and there are other circumstances which at present cloud the case with mystery. From the statement of the husband it appeared that the woman had been labouring for some time under delirium tremens. The coroner's inquiry was adjourned for a week in order that a thorough investigation might take place.

At a little after six o'clock on Saturday morning, a boiler exploded near the town of Bilston, Staffordshire, which has been attended with results of a most painful nature, four persons having been picked up in the ruins dead. The works at which the accident happened are those known as the Bilston Mill, the property of Messrs. W. and J. S. Sparrow, and are situated not far from the Midlands Works of Messrs. Rose, at which, by a similar calamity a short time ago, twelve persons were killed. There are upon the premises three powerful steam engines. The engine in the mill, where there are also eleven puddling furnaces is supplied with steam by two large British tube-firing boilers. At the hour named, one of the large British tube-firing boilers, the position of which was farthest from the mill, blew up without giving the slightest warning, and with a concussion and report that could be heard and felt throughout the greater part of Bilston. At this time the day and the night men were changing turns, and there were not, the force, we suppose, more than about fifty men and boys in the works. Amongst these the explosion occasioned the wildest consternation, as they found the roofs of the buildings beneath which they were working falling upon them; whilst those who were at work in the open air were surrounded by innumerable missiles composed of masonry and iron, and were scalded with a shower of boiling water that had escaped from the exploded boiler. The death of the boatman, Keenan, in the hospital on Saturday night, added another to the list of killed by this calamity, making the number five. On Monday an inquest was opened on the bodies at Bilston, and a number of witnesses were examined. The evidence was to the effect that the boiler had been in use about fourteen years, that five or six weeks ago some plates were put in on one side, and a patch was put on the other side. It was supplied with a steam clack, whose internal diameter was 5½ inches, and the witnesses concurred in the opinion that it was in consequence of this being too small to carry off the accumulation of steam which took place while the engine was at rest. There was no steam gauge to indicate the pressure, it having been sent to be repaired. The inquiry was adjourned until Friday.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY OF BANK NOTES.—A very extraordinary charge of stealing the moneys of an innkeeper came before Mr. Fowler, the stipendiary magistrate of Merthyr, on Saturday. A widow, named Hall, was brought up in custody, charged with having stolen a purse containing three £5 bank notes and £5 4s. in gold and silver, the property of Mrs. Jane Watkins, proprietress of the Lamb and Flag Inn, under the following remarkable circumstances:—It appeared that as long ago as the 13th of April last a daughter of the prosecutrix, who had been into the town shopping, lost, whilst passing along the Brecon-road, her purse, containing the money in question and a few memoranda. Information of the loss was given to the police, every search was made thereon, and a description of the purse and its contents was extensively circulated. For a long time no trace could be found of the missing property, but at length circumstances led the officers of justice to suspect that the prisoner had found the purse. She was questioned on the subject, when she denied all knowledge of the transaction; but, being satisfied that she was the finder of the purse, Mr. Superintendent Wrenn obtained a search warrant and proceeded to her house. The superintendent caused her to be searched by two females, whom for a time she stoutly resisted. At length, however, the purse was found in her bosom, with the three £5 notes and the memoranda. The gold and silver she had spent in clothes, &c. The magistrate told her that her finding the purse and appropriating it was as much a larceny as if she had stolen it from the house, especially as the documents in the purse would have directed her to the loser. She was fully committed for trial.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE CORPORATION.—The public have lately been informed through the newspapers that the freedom of the City is to be "presented" to the Prince of Wales on the 8th of June next. This is not strictly true; the Prince of Wales was born free, and has the same right to the freedom as he has to his title of Prince of Wales. The late Prince Consort was made free sixteen months before the Prince of Wales was born; all the royal children are, therefore, born free. The corporation have really invited him not to accept but to assume the freedom by presenting himself and making the usual legal declaration.—*City Press.*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter has the following:—
"Some fresh efforts are said to be making by the Southern envoys at London and Paris with the view of obtaining the recognition of the States of the Confederacy. As the French Government took the lead in a peace policy, perhaps Messrs. Slidell and Mason have doubtless more hopes of making an impression at the Tuilleries than at the Court of St. James's. Mr. Dayton, the United States minister, and the partisans of the North, as far as I can learn, repudiate all idea of making peace with the South. They say that the Government of Washington will assuredly continue the war; that the resources of the North must finally exhaust the South; and that the United States Government can carry on hostilities for five years more. The Imperial Government has already learnt how useless were its benevolent efforts to bring about a suspension of hostilities. The American people are not like any other people of the globe; they have not taught themselves to obey any feeling or sentiment but that of their passions. North and South alike have never known defeat; and Americans have been educated to believe that all they can desire they can accomplish. It is hopeless, I fear, to put any confidence in the efforts of diplomacy. If the English Government were to make representations, I have no doubt that France would willingly join. If England recognised the South, France would do the same. France desires to harmonise her policy with that of Great Britain. The envoys of the South say, 'What amount of victories on our part are required before you acknowledge us?' The North exclaims, 'If England and France acknowledge the South as an independent Government and Power, the United States will declare war, and the mercantile navy of England will suffer.' On this side of the water no one seems to discover a solution of this difficulty, with a most difficult people; and, I fear, nothing can or will be done."

It is stated in the *Pays* that Admiral Jurien la Graviere, who has come home from Mexico, gave orders before he left that all the siege artillery and materiel that could possibly be spared from Vera Cruz should be sent to General Forey at Puebla. This is an indication among others that the "regular" progress of the siege, which is all that the Government journals can venture to congratulate themselves upon, must be very slow.

Rear Admiral Rigault de Genouilly is to be appointed to the iron-clad squadron collected at Cherbourg; it is to consist of the following vessels:—*Couronne*, *Normandie*, *Solférino*, *Invincible*, *Magenta*, and *Gloire*. Most of them are in hands of shipwrights undergoing 'improvements.' It is said the Emperor will go to Cherbourg to review them about the middle of June.

PRUSSIA.

The Chamber of Deputies has been dismissed with a rap on the knuckles from the Throne. The following are the concluding paragraphs of the King's message:—"In opposition to article forty-five of the Constitution, which says that the King appoints and dismisses his ministers, the house wishes to oblige me to take ministers who are agreeable to it, thereby seeking to establish an anti-constitutional supremacy (allein Herrschaft) of the house. I reject the demand. My ministers possess my confidence; their official acts have been done with my consent, and I thank them for their care to oppose the anti-constitutional attempt of the house to extend its power. By the co-operation which the house declares that it refuses my Government I can only understand that co-operation to which the house is entitled by the Constitution; any other can neither be claimed by it nor has been asked for by my Government. In presence of such a refusal, the real meaning of which, moreover, is made evident by the whole contents and tone of the address, as well as by the demeanour of the house during the last four months, a further continuation of the present session can lead to no result. Neither as regards domestic affairs nor with respect to foreign relations would I be favourable to the interests of the country. Like my ancestors I seek the splendour, power, and security of my reign in the mutual bonds of confidence and fidelity between king and people. With the help of God Almighty I shall succeed in frustrating the criminal (straflich) attempts that are made to loosen that bond. Confidence in the faithful attachment of the Prussian nation to its dynasty is too firmly rooted in my heart to be shaken by the contents of the address of the house."

This document, which events may hereafter render memorable in Prussian history, was signed "William," and dated the 26th of May, 1863. In it the King completely identifies himself with his ministers, and places himself in the most decided opposition to the Chamber, towards which he uses language which can hardly be described otherwise than as highly injurious, not to say insulting. The sensation produced among the deputies by the document was most painful and irritating, as was easily to be discerned in their sudden movements and in the expression of their countenances. They heard it completed in silence. President Grabow briefly reviewed the session, thanked the Chamber for its support, expressed his conviction that the Prussian people, without for an instant quitting the path of strict loyalty, would stick to their constitution and to their representatives in this hotly engaged constitutional conflict, and would resist all anti-constitutional decrees or ordinances. He concluded with the inevitable cheer for the King, which was most feebly responded to by a few deputies on the right of the Chamber, the whole of the left remaining silent. In a tone betraying emotion, President Grabow then exclaimed, "May God protect our country!" The oldest deputy, M. Sello, then returned thanks to the President for the manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the house. M. Grabow acknowledged the compliment, and said, "I hope that in the next session we shall meet again better and more free within these walls."

AUSTRIA.

The *Botschafter* says that Austria demands that the following concessions should be made to Poland:—

1. The grant of a complete amnesty without any exclusion.
2. An administration of the kingdom separate from that of Russia, but still such that not every Russian official should be peremptorily excluded from the administration.
3. A national representation where questions which concern the unity and safety of the kingdom should not be excluded.
4. The introduction and use of the Polish language in all courts of law and Government offices.
5. A new law of recruitment.
6. Liberty for the Roman Catholic Church and other religious communities.

GREECE.

A Copenhagen letter contains some details of the arrangements made for the acception of the throne of Greece by Prince William:—

"The pecuniary point (it says) is now definitely settled. Greece will grant to the young King a civil list of 1,200,000*fr.* (£18,000*l.*), to which sum the inhabitants of the Ionian Islands will add the use of two residences to which is attached a revenue of from 125,000*fr.* to 150,000*fr.* (£5,000*l.*) a year. Prince William is to proceed by land to Ancona, where two vessels of the Danish navy will wait him and conduct him through the waters of the Adriatic. A Greek squadron will then meet the young King, take him on board, and proceed without any foreign escort to the Piræus. The King on his entry into Athens will be accompanied by any foreigner; that condition being very warmly advocated by the Greek deputation now at Copenhagen."

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

THE Guildhall is to be really decorated. It would of course be absurd to compare this most confined and unimposing interior with the Hotels de Ville of Paris or of Brussels. It is sufficient to say that, poor as it is inside, it is not so bad but that it is capable of being made worse when crammed with the tawdry decorations and stock properties of a Lord Mayor's show. The entertaining committee of the corporation therefore have wisely given over the whole matter of decorations to Mr. Orace, who possesses the rare but most important merit of never committing a mistake in the rich good taste of his colours, in the quiet "singleness" of effect produced by their combination. The Guildhall, as we have intimated, is by no means a grateful subject to have to deal with in this respect; yet, judging from what has been done and what it is still intended to accomplish, it will, we feel, come out well on the great day of entertainment, and have an appearance worthy its old traditions and great historical renown. Its architecture has been relieved by erecting seven noble principals or arches, which apparently carry the roof. Though in fact of the lightest description and material, these principals or arches look to the eye most massive and substantial, and when coloured, as it is intended to colour them, will give to the flat misshapen paneled roof the likeness of an old baronial hall of the oldest and most baronial period of our history. From these principals will depend gilt chandeliers, but the actual form of the gas chandelier is to be completely hidden by gilt flower-baskets, which, on the night of the ball, will be filled with exotic creepers trailed down halfway to the floor. The doubtful piles of marble allegories which go to form the civic monumental sculpture of Guildhall are on this occasion, wisely or unwisely, not to be hidden. In consideration that the motive was good, though the manner in carrying it out is unpardonable, the mural piles to the memory of Nelson and others will be left uncovered, but relieved with draperies of scarlet cloth. Halfway up the cluster of columns on either side of the hall groups of shields and banners will be placed behind branches of lights. The Chamberlain's gallery and the corresponding niche on the opposite side will be draped with crimson velvet and gold, and the railed balconies on the north and south sides have been gilded and are to be filled with banks of ferns, palm, and rare exotics.

So much for the sides of the building. On the east end the stained glass windows are to be lit from behind, and beneath them, in the panelling of the wall, are emblazoned the arms and crowns of all the royal guests, English and foreign, who have been entertained in the hall by the City. At this end is to be erected the crimson velvet throne, on a raised dais of purple velvet, for the use of their royal highnesses. At the west end the arch spanning the window has been enriched with colours, and a double row of minute gas jets will light this portion of the building. It was intended to light up from behind the stained glass windows at this end also, but for the good taste of the whole affair we are grieved to say it has been determined to darken them in order to give effect to what the City wish to show—a glass star lit from behind with gas. This is actually a fact, and the only point on which the civic authorities have interfered with the quiet good taste of the decorations has been to insist upon this street illumination being brought in somehow or other. Absurd as it may appear, all authorities on matters of taste have been disregarded, and, despite the commonness of this style of decorations, its obvious vulgarity and want of keeping with everything around it, the beautiful stained windows at this end of the hall are to be darkened, to give effect to the glitter of a glass star lit with gas! Beneath this unfortunately chosen ornament at the west end, the orchestra will be placed with its outer enclosure built in three compartments, which will be filled in with mirrors and with figures of men in armour standing at the bases.

The Council-room is being very simply, but chastely, decorated in light colours relieved with gold. The pictures on its walls will be lit with shaded lights, and the spaces between them filled up with mirrors and the finest groups of greenhouse plants that can be procured. Here their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess, with sixty-eight chosen guests, will sup; and the end wall of the chamber in front of the seats of honour, will be almost hidden by one tall, massive, built-up sideboard of golden plate, of the oldest and rarest kind, which all the City companies are hastening to place at the disposal of the corporation. The vestibule leading to this chamber will be simply filled in with banks of flowers interspersed with lights and groups of statuary, and the Chamberlain's room will be hung with lace over pink silk (in imitation of the bride's chamber at the marriage at Windsor) as a retiring room for her royal highness the Princess. The invitations to this great *fete* are strictly limited to 2,000, only 2,250 tickets having been printed, all of which, with the exception of the odd 250, which are reserved for emergencies and professional visitors, have already been filled up, and no more names can now be added. Experience has shown that at a *fete* of this kind 2,000 visitors can scarcely move, much less dance, in a space so limited as Guildhall. An extra hall is therefore being erected, which is to be very nearly the size of the main hall itself, nearly 40*ft.* broad by 100*ft.* long. This occupies the yard in front of the hall, and is built in two stories and of immense strength and solidity as regards its framework of timber. The lower hall, if we may so term it, is divided by groups of columns into seven bays, which along the walls will be filled in with tapestry, and richly draped with velvet. The visitors will pass along two passages made on either side of this temporary structure, but along the centre avenue which leads direct from Guildhall-yard to the main hall, none will be allowed to enter until their royal highnesses have passed. The upper storey of the temporary hall is to be decorated like the basement, and laid out for supper—sitting accommodation being provided, as we have said, for 900 guests. After their royal highnesses have entered the building the basement-storey of this outer hall will be used for dancing, and the corporation are not unnaturally anxious that it will be so used by sufficient numbers to prevent any unnecessary crowding into the main hall, where, of course, etiquette will oblige the Prince and Princess to remain. Their royal highnesses have signified their intention of arriving at Guildhall at nine o'clock, and it is scarcely necessary to say that on these occasions all visitors honoured with invitations are bound in strict politeness to be present before the hour fixed for the arrival of the royal guests. At half-past eight all approaches to Guildhall will be closed to the carriages of visitors until after the arrival of their royal highnesses. Immediately on the arrival of the Prince and Princess they will be conducted to the dais, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary and other members of the royal family. At the foot of the dais the freedom of the City will be presented to his royal highness in a casket of solid gold—a casket so exquisite in its design and elaborate finish as to make it the foremost artistic gift which the City has ever given to royalty. It is without a doubt the greatest triumph of goldsmith's work that has been achieved in London for many years past. This noble gift will be accompanied with an address, to which his royal highness will reply. After which the ball will commence at half-past nine. The first supper will be served for the general guests soon after twelve, and the second at about one.

THE best remedy for toothache, the dolorous, face-ache, neuralgia, and all nervous affections, is Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Nerve Pills, used according to the directions, allay pain, effectually soothe the nerves in decayed teeth, and give power to the whole nervous system, without affecting the bowels. A box is sent free by post for fourteen stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Olapham-road, London.—[Advt.]

LAST MOMENTS AND DEATH OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

Our front engraving this week illustrates the end of General Jackson's brilliant career. We take the following account of the death of General Jackson—his wound and subsequent sufferings—from the *Richmond Inquirer* of May 13:—

"General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening [2nd May], was returning about eight o'clock, attended by his staff and part of his couriers. The cavalcade was in the darkness of the night mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls, one through the left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; another ball passed through the same arm between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; a third ball entered the palm of the right hand about its middle, passing through, and broke two bones. He was wounded on the Plank-road, about fifty yards in advance of the enemy. He fell from his horse, and was caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he remarked, 'All my wounds are by my own men.' He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road, before he left the lines. The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him, and he turned to ride back. Just then some one cried out, 'Cavalry, charge!' and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through our line to escape the fire. Captain Boswell was killed, and carried through the line by his horse, and fell among our own men. Colonel Couchfield, chief of staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed: Major Pendleton, Lieutenants Morrison and Smith, escaped uninjured. General Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear. The firing attracted the attention of the enemy, and was resumed by both lines. One litter-bearer was shot down, and the general fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of his arm, and injuring his side severely. The enemy's fire of artillery on this point was terrible. General Jackson was left for five minutes until the fire slackened; then placed in an ambulance, and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr. McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was nearly pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, 'Who have you there?' He told the doctor, 'Do not tell the troops I am wounded.' After the reaction, a consultation was held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Walls, and McGuire, and amputation was decided upon. He was asked, 'If we find amputation necessary, shall it be done at once?' He replied, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire—do for me whatever you think is right.' The operation was performed while he was under the influence of chloroform, and was borne well. He slept on Sunday morning, was cheerful, and in every way was doing well. He sent for Mrs. Jackson, asked minutely about the battle, spoke cheerfully of the result, and said:—'If I had not been wounded, or had an hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States Ford, and we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender, or cut their way out. They had no other alternative. My troops sometimes may fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fail to drive my men from a position.' This was said smilingly. He complained this day of the fall from the litter, although no contusion or abrasion was apparent as the result of the fall. He did not complain of his wounds; never spoke of them unless asked. On Sunday evening he slept well. On Monday he was carried to Chancellor's house, near Gurness depot. He was cheerful; talked about the battle, the gallant bearing of General Rhodes, and said that his major general's commission ought to date from Saturday, the grand charge of his old Stonewall brigade, of which he had heard; asked after all his officers; during the day talked more than usual, and said, 'Men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade,' to their children. He insisted that the term Stonewall belonged to them, and not to him. During the ride to Guinea he complained greatly of heat, and besides wet applications to his wounds, begged that a wet cloth be applied to his stomach, which was done, greatly to his relief, as he expressed it. He slept well on Monday night, and ate with relish the next morning. On Tuesday his wounds were doing very well. He asked, 'Can you tell me, from the appearance of my wounds, how long I will be kept from the field?' He was greatly satisfied when told they were doing remarkably well. He did not complain of any pain in his side, and wanted to see the members of his staff, but was advised not. On Wednesday his wounds looked remarkably well. He expected to go to Richmond this day, but was prevented by rain. This night, while his surgeon, who had slept none for three nights, was asleep, he complained of nausea, and ordered his boy, Jim, to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done. About daylight the surgeon was awakened by the boy, saying, 'The general is in great pain.' The pain was in the right side, and due to incipient pneumonia and some nervousness, which he himself attributed to the fall from the litter. On Thursday Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to his joy and satisfaction, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. By Thursday evening all pain had ceased. He suffered greatly from prostration. On Friday he suffered no pain, but prostration increased. On Sunday morning, when it was apparent that he was rapidly sinking, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition. She then had free and full converse with him, and told him he was going to die. He said, 'Very good, very good. It is all right.' He had previously said, 'I consider these wounds a blessing. They were given me for some good and wise purpose. I would not part with them if I could.' He asked of Major Pendleton, 'Who is preaching at headquarters to-day?' He sent messages to all the generals. He expressed a wish to be buried at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. During delirium his mind reverted to the battle-field, and he sent orders to General A. P. Hill to prepare for action, and to Major Hawks, his commissary, and to the surgeons. He frequently expressed to his aids his wish that Major-General Ewell should be ordered to command his corps. His confidence in General Ewell was very great, and the manner in which he spoke of him showed that he had duly considered the matter."

GENERAL JACKSON'S FUNERAL.

[From the *Richmond Inquirer*.]

In no public ceremony, not even the grand display which attended the inauguration of the monument to Washington some years ago, has Richmond been rendered more memorable than upon this occasion, when every branch of the Confederate and State Governments, with an army of bronzed and hardy heroes, and the whole city pouring forth its living tribute, aged and young of both sexes, joined in the pageant and gave it all the imposing grandeur which sympathy, sorrow, love, and admiration united, could bestow. In accordance with arrangements made upon Monday, the procession was formed upon Capitol-square at ten o'clock, stretching along Monument-avenue from the governor's mansion, out upon Grace-street, and consisted of the following civil and military bodies:—

Public guard, with armoury band, followed by the Nineteenth and Fifty-sixth Virginia infantry, Major Wren's battalion of cavalry, and the Richmond Lafayette Artillery, all preceded by a full band.

Hearse drawn by four white horses, appropriately caparisoned, the hearse draped and plumed, and the coffin wrapped and decorated with flowers.

Pall-bearers, consisting of the Staff of the lamented Hero, and several other officers of high rank, wearing the insignia of mourning.

Carriages, containing—first, his Excellency the President, and the family of the deceased, followed by personal friends and distinguished admirers; various chiefs of departments, State and Confederate;

Civil, military, and judicial; the Mayor of the city and members of the Council.

On either side and in the rear an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen, children, servants, and soldiers, mingled ready to move along with the procession. The banners were draped with crepe, and the swords of the military officials were draped at the hilt. The artillery bore the sad insignia; the arms of the infantry were reversed; the drums were muffled, and at the given hour a gun stationed beneath the monument boomed forth the signal for motion.

General George W. Randolph, chief marshal of the ceremony, proceeded to the front, and the cavalcade moved slowly out from Governor-street, through the Mansion-gate. The bells of the city commenced tolling, and soon a melancholy dirge swelled forth in moving tones from the leading corps of musicians. The procession passed down Governor to Main-street, turning up the latter, and proceeding as far as Second-street. The streets were crowded with people; stores were closed, as the pageant moved along, and from many windows floated flags draped with mourning. The flags upon the public buildings remained, as on Monday, at half-mast. The scene on Main-street was beyond adequate description, so impressive, so beautiful, so full of stirring associations, blending with the martial dirges of the bands, the gleam of musket, rifle and sabre drawn, the sheen of black cannon, thousands of throbbing hearts, and the soul of sorrow that mantled over all. From Second-street, through which the procession partly passed, it wheeled into Grace-street, down which it returned to Capitol-square, entering by Monument-gate. A different stage of the obsequies the cannon, which remained stationed at the foot of a monument, pealed out in tones of thunder, which heightened the effect of the tolling bells, the solemn music, and the grand display.

The hearse being drawn up in front of the Capitol, the coffin was removed to the hall of the House of Representatives, where it was laid in state in front of the Speaker's seat. Thousands crowded into the building, many bearing splendid bouquets with which to adorn the coffin, and at night hundreds were turned away, after hours of fruitless efforts, without seeing the face of the beloved departed warrior. The remains will be sent to Lexington this morning. All the courts in Richmond passed resolutions of respect to the memory of Jackson, and adjourned to attend the ceremonies.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The *Liverpool Post* gives the following lines as written by the late General Stonewall Jackson when serving in the Mexican war. They will be read with a melancholy interest now that he is no more:—

"The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise."

"I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest,
Of thee and him, our baby son,
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the gentle sleepers' rest."

"And hover, gently hover, near
To her whose watchful eye is wet,—
The mother, wife, the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet."

"Now while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers can fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies,—"

"That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the warrior home again."

"And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
Nor frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest."

"Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild;
By day, by night, in joy or woe,
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
Oh, God! protect my wife and child!"

DRAMATIC READING AT TAURIS.

It is especially during the ten first days of the holy month of the Mahometans, *Moharrem*, that theatrical representations are given in Persia at Teheran, and in other large cities. These representations constitute a religious festival, the *Askoura*, or ten days, of which the tenth is especially called the *Bouz-e-Halt*, the Day of Massacre. The subject is always borrowed from the history of Ali, the cousin-german of the Prophet Mahomet, and one of the first caliphs. The Persians belong to the Mahometan sect of the Schyites, as distinguished from the Sunnites. The difference between these two sects is not appreciable by any but Mahometans. The differences of sects, however, in all religions, are often sufficiently puerile.

MELTING THEIR MEDALS.—A local correspondent positively assures us that the 15,000 Crimean medals forwarded some months ago from England for distribution amongst the Turkish troops are in course of conversion at the mint into Montenegrin medals. 5,000 of the latter have been already thus produced, and distributed amongst the heroes of the late Montenegrin campaign, and the remaining 10,000 are being similarly transmuted as fast as the melting and coining machinery of the Zaphane can effect their conversion. If this be so, the fact is not altogether creditable to the Porte, and is but indifferent good faith towards our own Government.—*Levant Herald*.

ADELINA PATTI IN CHANCERY.

A ROMANCE of real life has been for some time before the Court of Chancery, in which the heroine is no other than the fascinating and popular singer, Adelina Patti. "By her next friend," James William Macdonald, of Howard-street, in the Strand, the fair vocalist sought the intervention of the court on behalf of her and her interests, as against her father, Salvatore Patti, and a gentleman associated with him, Mr. Maurice Strackosch; the latter being by birth a German, by naturalization an American, and by marriage the lady's brother-in-law.

Adelina Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti was born on the 19th of February, 1843, and she has been engaged in operatic singing at Brussels, Ghent, Liege, Louvaine, Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Paris, Vienna, London and other towns in England, in the course of which she has earned very large sums of money. Her singing engagements were entered into on her behalf by the defendants, who assumed to act as her guardians, directed and controlled all her movements, and received all the profits of her engagements, which amounted in one year to upwards of 24,000*l.*, for which sum they have never accounted to Mdlle. Patti. She arrived in England on the 4th of May last, under the escort of the defendants, who acted as her guardians, and they thereupon entered into some engagement on her behalf with Mr. Gye to sing at the Covent Garden Opera House, during the months of May, June, and July, on the terms of a large sum of money being paid to the defendants. The bill stated that defendants threatened and intended to receive that without the consent of Mdlle. Patti, and that they had entered into further engagements for the plaintiff to sing in Paris and other continental towns during the ensuing months of August, September, October, November, December, January, and February next, although Mdlle. Patti will before the expiration of that period have attained her majority. It is also stated that her father had, in consideration of an annuity from Maurice Strackosch, entered into some arrangements with him which enabled him personally to control her movements; that the latter always accompanies her and her maid-servant to and from the theatre; that he received all moneys payable to her in virtue of her engagements, and that he gave receipts for such moneys, but had never accounted to Mdlle. Patti for them, and retains them without her consent. Mdlle. Patti resides with the defendants, they travel with her, and live upon her earnings. Mdlle. Patti would have had no objection to make them a reasonable allowance out of her earnings, if they had behaved kindly to her.

The bill proceeded to state that the defendants had acted for many months past with cruelty and oppression towards her, and still continued to do so, in consequence of which she daily goes in great bodily and mental fear. Every movement is watched by her father, and still more by Maurice Strackosch, neither of whom will allow her to communicate with her friends, or to receive letters from them, and they seek to thwart all freedom of action on her part, and confine her to certain rooms, and even threaten her with violence in case of her resistance. They even go so far as to open her letters without her consent, and to retain some from her altogether. Maurice Strackosch has also accused Mdlle. Patti of dishonourable conduct of which she is totally innocent; by which they have driven her, as she has alleged, to the verge of madness, and she is represented as being thereby rendered most miserable. She has entered into an engagement of marriage with a young Belgian nobleman of fortune, himself, unfortunately, also a minor, to whom she is ardently attached, and who is now in this country. Her father and brother-in-law strenuously object to the marriage, or, in fact, to any marriage on her part, they being evidently afraid that they will thereby be deprived of the profits of her engagements. Mdlle. Patti and her betrothed became engaged in March, 1862, with the knowledge of their respective parents, Salvatore Patti having promised his consent, if the father of the young nobleman consented. He has done so, yet Signor Patti now refuses; and he and his son-in-law have prevented all communication between the two lovers. The gentleman having ample means of his own, has most honourably offered to abstain from receiving any money to which Mdlle. Patti may be entitled; and is desirous that all her own property, whether present or future, may be secured for her separate use.

Such were the statements made in support of the prayer, that during the remaining period of her minority Mademoiselle Patti might have had the protection of the court, to restrain the father and brother-in-law from molesting her, interfering with her personal liberty, or receiving money made under the contract with Mr. Gye, or any of her earnings; with the further prayer that the court should appoint a guardian of her person and property. The case has been settled out of doors, and we believe we are justified in saying that the *dénouement* is such as everybody would expect. It is obvious that, although the "natural" guardians might retain custody of a minor, that privilege would terminate on English soil in a few months; while the young lady had one means of retribution and compulsion at her own command, in simple silence. Among the specified conditions were the correction of certain published statements, and, we hear, there remains little doubt that at no distant date all obstacles will be removed to the marriage of Mademoiselle Patti with the Baron de Ville, who is now residing in Bury-street, St. James's.—*Daily paper*.

The solicitors to the defendants in the case of the petition to the Vice-Chancellor, presented by "the next friend" of Miss Adele Patti, have written to deny the accuracy of the statements which have been published on the subject. They accompany the letter with an extract from an affidavit sworn by Miss Patti. In her affidavit she affirms that there was not one word of truth in any of the allegations made against either her father or her brother-in-law. She denies that she is, or ever was, treated with cruelty by them. That her liberty was controlled, or that they ever kept her short of money. She insists, in short, that she has the greatest love and affection for both relations, and that she has been treated by both with the most affectionate kindness.

The only portion of the legal romance that seems, after this explanation, to stand uncontested is the love passage with the young Belgian baron; and the judgment which dismissed the bill and ended the engagement must be considered as dissolving the whole romance like the baseless fabric of a vision. Miss Patti just fled, it seems, her relatives' interposition by swearing that she did not believe that the Baron de Ville's intentions were honourable; and in a response to a contemporary the discarded nobleman declares that he cannot hold himself any longer engaged to a lady who treats him in "this libellous and perfidious manner;" and wishes it proclaimed to the public, not that there is as yet "an impossibility" of marrying the young lady, but that some day there may be, and that even at the present time there certainly is not "the remotest probability" of that event coming off.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S WARDROBE.—Amongst the many interesting articles of wearing apparel recently added to the wardrobe of her royal highness the Princess of Wales, may be mentioned an elegant light mauve silk robe, richly embroidered by that marvellous little seamstress, the "Excelsior" sewing machine. The embroidery consists of the orange blossom and leaf in two shades of green silk thread, set in a scroll of gold, the whole covering sixteen yards of pattern, and presenting a most unique and *recherche* appearance. The work was executed expressly by Mrs. Haller, of Islington, for Messrs Whight and Mann, of Holborn-hill, and may be regarded as a most choice and finished specimen of what the sewing machine, in the hands of an expert operator, can accomplish.

SKETCHES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A NOTED traveller, the Chevalier de Pontelli has lately explored Central Africa. We give extracts from his letters, which cannot fail to interest our readers:—

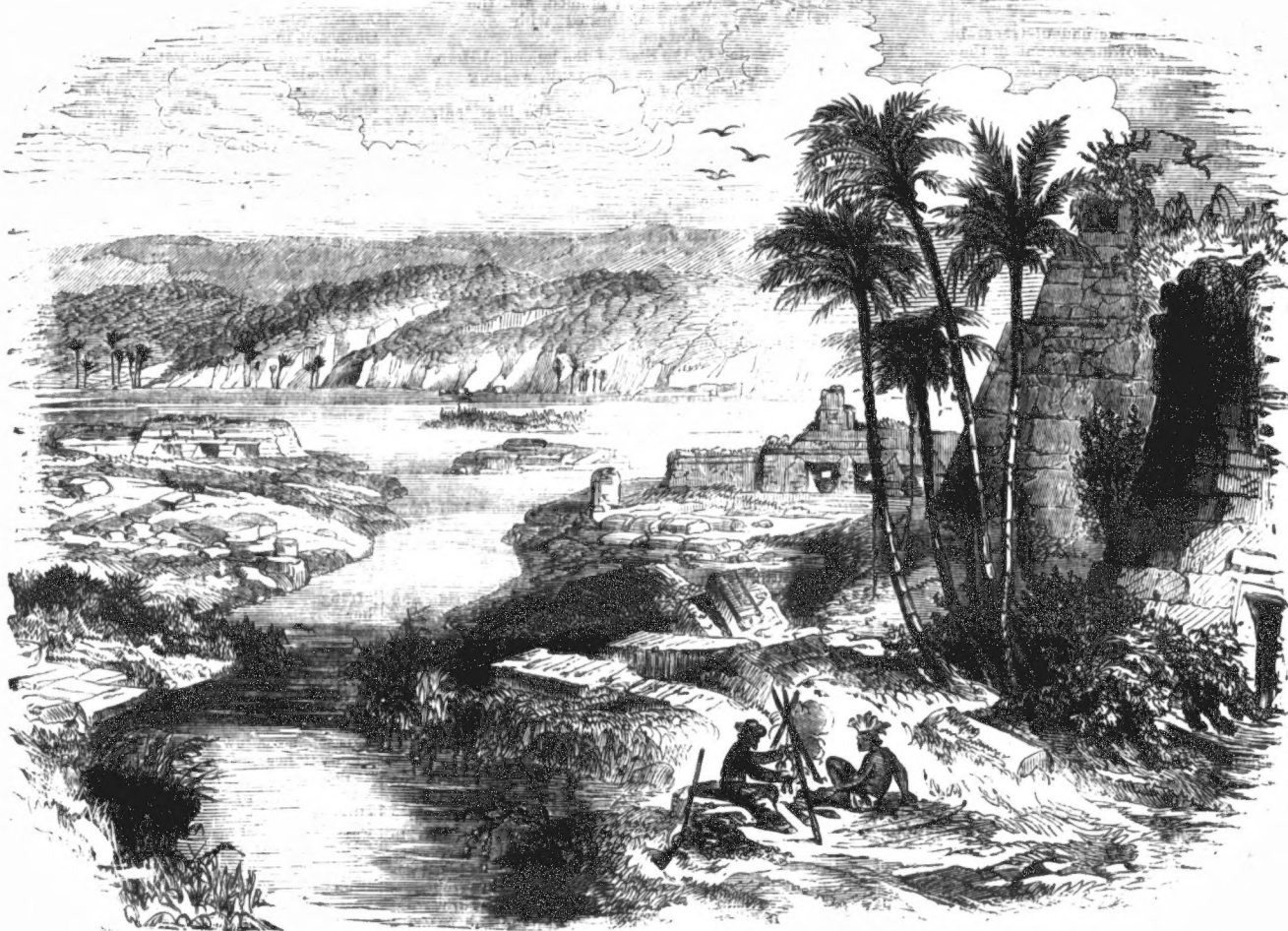
"After having traversed a great part of Africa and of Asia, and visited Southern America in its whole extent, my scientific researches conducted me to Central America, where I have passed three consecutive years. From the Isthmus of Panama to Tehuantepec, I have explored everything, and it is thus that I have had the good fortune to discover a country entirely unknown in geography.

"The most interesting portion of the country is situated at one of the limits of the Mexican empire of the State of Chiapas. It occupies a very extensive surface in the southern part of Mexico, and on the Pacific Ocean. It embraces about nineteen thousand square leagues. Its being watered by a multitude of rivers and of rapid and sinuous canals, intersected by high mountains, brought Switzerland—the country where my youth was spent—so warmly to my mind, that I immediately called it the 'American Switzerland.'

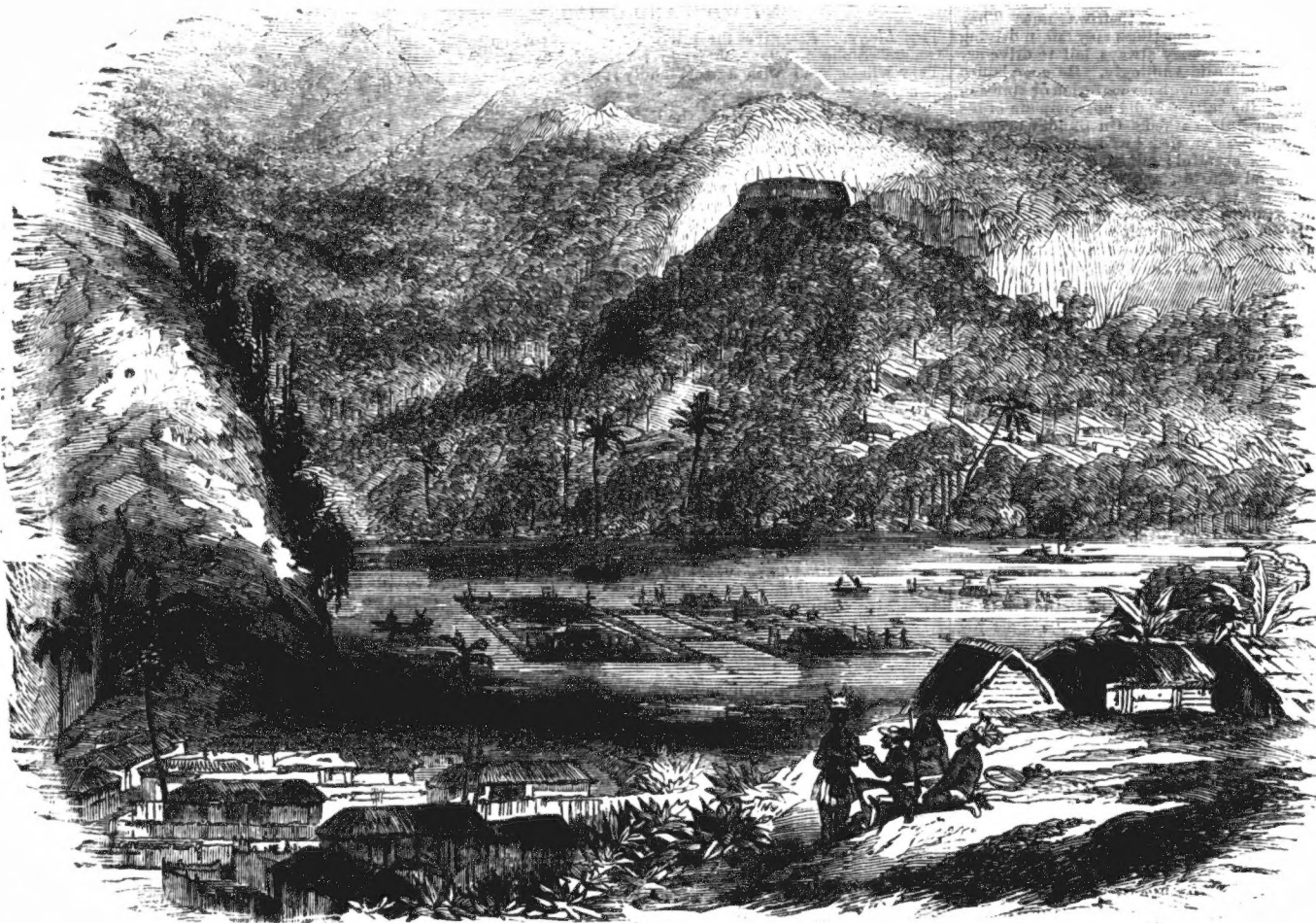
"The numerous ruins with which the soil is covered deeply interested me. Numberless tombs of ancient warriors and of their families still bear hieroglyphics, and are covered with ancient sculptures. With astonishment and admiration we come upon the tombs of kings—find here a sarcophagus and there a tower; see everywhere the ruins of palaces, beautiful mosaics, aqueducts well preserved, but in part buried under the soil, square towers of the very finest porphyry and jasper. The beauty of the ruins surpasses everything which can be imagined. Some of these I shall briefly endeavour to describe:—

"RUINS OF OSTUTA.

"These are situated in an exceedingly picturesque position. This town—formerly the residence of the chieftains—lay along a river, in a magnificent valley, surrounded by mountains. From one of the summit we beheld the ruins of an ancient palace,



RUINS OF OSTUTA.



FLOATING GARDENS.

and the whole valley lies before us, with its countless remains, and its infinite natural beauties.

"FLOATING GARDENS.

"Nothing is more picturesque than these gardens, which swim on the lakes like boats. Houses are constructed on them, and vegetables and flowers of every kind are cultivated. Festivals are celebrated on them, and they are favourite fishing stations by night and by day."

A SOLITARY SAILOR.—Some Spanish fishermen belonging to the port of Saint Jean de Luz, while last week engaged in their occupation in the offing, saw a fishing smack some distance off, which appeared, by the manner she was drifting along, to have been abandoned by its crew. On getting on board they were surprised at finding a boy about ten years of age, apparently in a state of exhaustion from want of food. Finding, from the few words the child was able to speak, that he was French, the fisherman took the smack in tow, and went into the port of Socoa, where the boy was landed, and received the assistance of which he stood in such great need. When somewhat recovered, he stated that his name was Saverio, and belonged to Tranche, in La Vendee. About a fortnight before, his father, a fisherman, left the Ile de Re in his smack, taking with him his two sons and another man. They had proceeded about four or five hours' sail from the coast when the wind rose and blew so violently against them that they could not return. At night the boy went to bed, the sea being very rough—frequently breaking over the boat. At daylight, Saverio went on deck and was horrorstruck at finding no one there, his father, brother, and the man having been washed overboard. The boat was thus left at the mercy of the wind and waves. The poor boy lived during the fortnight on the little provision his father had brought on board, but which had been for some days exhausted and nothing left for his subsistence but a little butter. The sub-commissary of the marine at Saint Jean de Luz has taken all the necessary steps for securing the return of Saverio to his widowed mother.—*Galignani.*

THE CONFEDERATE SHIPS OF WAR.

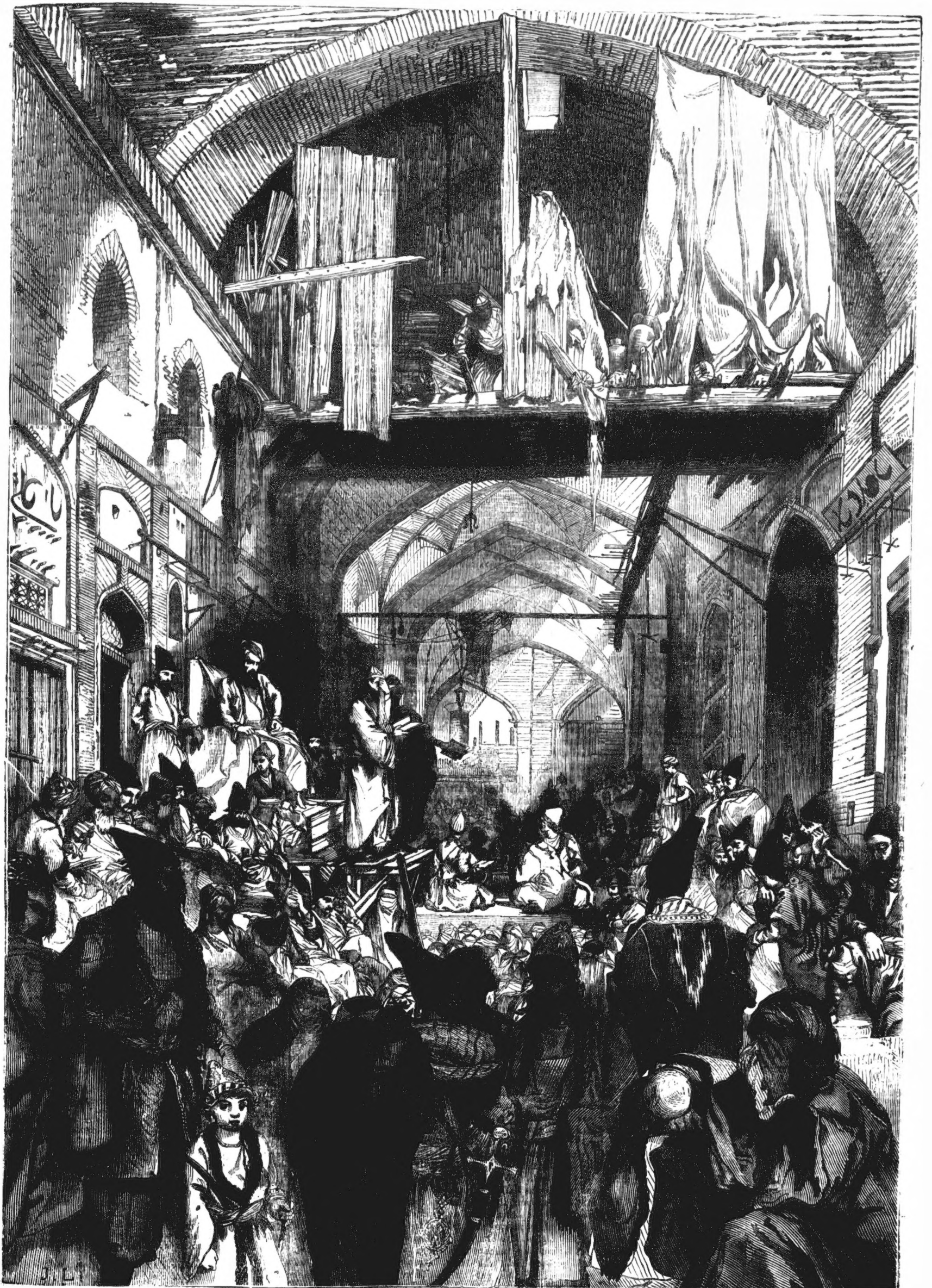
The Oneida West India packet has arrived.

On entering the port of Bahia on the 12th the Oneida passed a steamer at anchor, which proved to be the Confederate Alabama, Captain Semmes. At eight a.m. she hoisted Confederate colours. Some of the Oneida's passengers visited her, and reported that they were received politely. She had plenty of coals, her object in going into port being to land prisoners (eighty-four in number), being the captains and crews of four American vessels which the Alabama had burnt—viz., the Dorcas Prince and the Union Jack, both from New York for Shanghai; the



STRIKING FEATURES AT THE DOG SHOW.

Sea Lark, from Boston for San Francisco; and the Nye, a whaler, cruising. Among the prisoners was the American consul for Shanghai, who was a passenger on board the Dorcas Prince. The officers of the Alabama stated that they had burnt seventy-four vessels since she had been out, and Captain Semmes had about that number of chronometers. The captain was expecting the Florida to join him, and said he knew that she was on the coast. On the Oneida's arrival at Fomambuco it was found that the Florida, Captain J. N. Maffit, had left that port on the 12th after a stay of four days. She arrived there on the 8th, and, having received permission from the President of the province, anchored in the port for the purpose of repairing her engines.



READING A DRAMA AT TAURIS. (See page 547.)

The Court.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale, honoured the Viscount and Viscountess Sydney with their company at dinner on Saturday evening at their residence in Cleveland-square.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge attended divine service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. The communion service was read by the sub-dean, the Rev. C. F. Tarver, and the Rev. John Antrobus. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. F. Tarver.

Some little merriment was caused among the "Court circle" at the last drawing-room by many of the ladies, who, in the flurry of being presented, looked out for the throne, expecting that under it the Princess of Wales would appear. Such was not the case, as her royal highness took up her station short of it, with her noble consort on her left. Nearer, but not quite under the throne, the Princess Louis of Hesse appeared, and many a trembling curtsy was given to her which was meant for her august sister-in-law. One elderly lady, especially, passed both the Prince and Princess of Wales without the slightest obeisance, which she kept for the Princess Louis of Hesse, who, having thus honour showered upon her that was meant for another, gave way to a smile, which was immediately caught up by the attendants.—*Court Journal*.

All persons in any way interested in the preservation of an honourable standing for turf matters, and of keeping racing in the position which it has so long held as the national sport of England, have been glad to see that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has shown himself interested in its welfare. We believe we are correct in stating that the Prince intends actively to take part in racing pursuits, and as a further piece of information, may mention that there is good reason for believing that Mr. Hargreave's Marigold, who was backed for large sums to win the Oaks, for which she ran second, has been purchased by his royal highness. There is a report that the Prince of Orange has also some interest in the animal. Fifteen hundred pounds was the price given for the filly.—*Court Journal*.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords Lord Brougham adverted to the recent accident on the Brighton line, and suggested that a Bill should be introduced regulating the maximum speed of trains. Lord Ebury moved for the appointment of a royal commission to inquire what steps could be taken to obviate the evils arising out of the indiscriminate use of the Burial Service over all classes of people—even notorious infidels and profligate livers. It appeared that in the month of December, 1848, a notorious evil liver was turned out of a tavern in Cambridge at a late hour at night in such a state of intoxication that, falling into a ditch, he was suffocated. A Mr. Dodd, the clergyman upon whom the duty of burying the corpse would have devolved, very naturally felt that he could not read the Burial Service over him without creating a public scandal, for the words he would have had to use were,—“Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed. . . . We give thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased thee, O God, to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world. . . . We beseech thee, O Father, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Christ as our hope is this our brother doth.” Then, without going further into the circumstances of this case, which showed that Mr. Dodd acted throughout with great forbearance and propriety, it seemed that he declined to read the service, and in consequence was cited before the Court of Arches, and eventually, for, as was usual in those wretched courts, judgment was not pronounced till sixteen months afterwards, he was sentenced to suspension for six months, and to pay the costs of the suit. The Archbishop of Canterbury objected to the question being mooted at the present moment, but added, that rather than consent to read the Burial Service over a man who had died in the open profession of infidelity there was no penalty the law could enforce he would not submit to. The Bishop of Llandaff supported Lord Ebury's views. He said it was impossible to deny that an evil existed when 3,840 clergymen declared that their consciences were grieved by the step they had to take in conformity with the law, and when bishops and archbishops, on being appealed to, though sympathizing with those clergymen in the distress they felt, could not suggest any means of relief. Just about the time when he entered the university a most fearful instance of the operation of the law occurred. The driver of one of the coaches from London to Cambridge was known on account of his dreadful profaneness by a certain name, and that unhappy person having accidentally been killed, a great multitude assembled to witness the burial and to ascertain whether the Burial Service would be read over the body of a man who had been notorious for his profaneness. It was read, and he believed it was read amidst the execrations of the people. Only about eighteen years ago, in London, a burglar, in attempting to break into a house, fell through a skylight and was killed on the spot. The unhappy man was buried in the churchyard of St. Clement's Danes, and he recollected the extreme indignation which was manifested and the tumult which occurred when the Burial Service was read over the malefactor. The Archbishop of York the Bishop of London, and others, advised that the motion should be withdrawn, as it was likely to engage the attention of Convocation, and Lord Ebury withdrew the motion accordingly.

In the House of Commons, Sir R. Peel, in answer to Mr. Hopwood, admitted that efforts had been made by the Federal authorities to enlist parties for the United States army in Ireland. The Government were resolved to do all in their power to stop the practice. In answer to Lord J. Manners, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that arrangements had been made, subject to the approbation of parliament, for the purchase of the Exhibition building and the ground on which it stood. After some further questions of no great public interest, the house went into committee on the civil service estimates.

ACCIDENT TO THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AT COPENHAGEN.—“Sir A. Paget,” says the *Dagbladet* of the 27th ult., “and the secretary of the embassy, Mr. Kirkpatrick, have just had a narrow escape from drowning. On Friday they went out for a sail on the Fureso, a lake situated in the environs of Copenhagen, quite near the residence of the ambassador. A gust of wind caused the boat to capsize at a considerable distance from the shore. Sir A. Paget supported himself on the surface of the water by some oars which seized, while Mr. Kirkpatrick endeavoured to save himself by swimming. Happily some passers-by, perceiving their danger, at once entered a boat and went to the help of the shipwrecked gentlemen just in time, for their strength was all but exhausted.”

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newt n, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advt.]

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advt.]

BOW BELLS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. 31, for Wednesday, June 10, 1863,

CONTAINS:—

WOMAN'S WORTH. By Eliza Win- stanley. Illustrated by Thwaites. Picturesque Sketches.—“At Fault;” or, “Making a Cast.” Illustrated. Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts.—Adventure with a Green Snake. How to get a Wife with a Fortune. Death of Lord Rossmore. Origin of the Telegraph. Snakes in Australia. The Monkey and the Pitcher-Plant. Essays.—Flattery. The Public Vehicles of London. The Fine Arts.—Beilstein on the Moselle. Our Portrait Gallery.—Carlotta Patil. A Fatal Bed. THE QUEEN'S MUSKETEERS: A Tale of the Days of Charles the Second. Illustrated. The Pedlar: an Irish Tale. Illustrated. The Scolding Wife. By Ellen Ash-ton. The Fortunate Lover. Archbishop Abbot's Last Hunt. “A Great Man's Wife.” By the Lady Herself. The Ladies' Page.—The Work-table, The Toilette, and Ladies' Guide. Sayings and Doings. Poetry. Household Receipts. Notices to Correspondents. Varieties. London: J. DICKS, 813, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.	
			A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6	S	Sun rises 3h. 47m. sets 8h. 10m.	5	0	5	25
7	S	1st Sunday after Trinity	5	51	6	18
8	M	Edward Black Prince, d., 1376	6	46	7	16
9	T	Dr. Rees died, 1825	7	44	8	15
10	W	Dutch up the Medway, 1667	8	49	9	24
11	T	St. Barnabas	9	54	10	25
12	F	Trinity Term ends	10	58	11	30

MOON'S CHANGES.—8th, Last Quarter, 1h. 52m. p.m.
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. Joshua 10; Mark 8. EVENING. Joshua 23; 2nd Cor. 5.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the “Illustrated Weekly News,” 813, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

Z. V. R.—Without an introduction to a principal in a London commercial firm, it is exceedingly difficult to procure a situation even as a junior clerk. Your writing and knowledge of book-keeping, together with an insight into the French language, would likewise prove recommendations; but an introduction is the principal point.

O. S. P. Q.—Your daughter should lose no time in affiliating the child; she should no longer listen to the arguments used by her seducer for the purpose of preventing her taking such a step. Six months having elapsed would not prevent his being made liable for the child's support.

I. W. M.—The Marquis of Westminster is supposed to be the richest nobleman in England, his income averaging £1,000 per diem.

SANCT.—Sir Walter Scott, the great author, was succeeded in his title by his son, a colonel of the 15th Hussars, who is now dead.

SENECA.—Belgium is the best cultivated country in Europe; the population is about five millions.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

On Friday evening, May 29, there happened one of those events which excite alarm and commiseration even in these days when loss of life by accident is so frequent and on so large a scale. The express train from Brighton, proceeding at an immoderate speed, ran completely off the rails down an embankment between Balham and Streatham, causing the death of four persons on the spot, and inflicting wounds on thirty others, some of whom are still in danger. An accident of this kind, though it does not destroy life so largely as the wreck of an emigrant ship or an explosion in a northern colliery, has a deeper interest for the community at large. We do not all rush in swift steamers among the fogs and icebergs of Newfoundland; only a limited class tempt the mine, or the fishery, or the powder mill; but railway travelling is part of the life of almost the entire nation. Every year a larger and larger number of persons are carried by train for the most part over short but rather dangerous distances, from the hearts of great towns to spots in their suburbs. Thousands live a few miles from their business, and use the railway as their regular means of conveyance. To all these the late accident must come home forcibly, for they hear of a train, without any fault in the engine or the rails, without any mistaken signal or unremoved obstruction, being dragged down an embankment, and the carriages shivered to pieces, with thirty wounded victims lying among the fragments. They learn that the cause of this excessive effect was the fact that the train, which had left Brighton at five o'clock, was actually twenty minutes late at Croydon, having arrived at that place twenty minutes after six o'clock instead of at six o'clock; in other words, that an express train was twenty minutes late on a journey of a single hour. There were about 200 men of the Grenadier Guards, who were returning from a course of rifle practice at Eastbourne. As soon as the train left Croydon it went at excessive speed, and one of the wounded soldiers states that the jolting was such as to be noticed by all the men in his carriage. It passed Balham Station in safety, but just afterwards the engine left the rails, taking with it the whole train. The boiler of the locomotive exploded, and the whole train, both locomotive and carriages, was mixed in one mass. No wonder that such an occurrence as this should receive some notice in parliament. Lord Brougham thinks that the proper way to prevent such accidents is to limit the speed of trains to twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. From this proposal we need hardly say we dissent. We hope that with the progress of science and enterprise trains will not only travel as fast as now, but increase the facility of communication by rates of speed hitherto unattained. Experience has shown that with proper care in driving, with well-constructed locomotives, and well-laid rails, there is little danger in the very highest rates of speed. The legislation which should pretend to limit the advance of science would be certainly disregarded. It is probable that the late accident happened because an excessive speed was put on a train in an incautious manner and at an improper place, in order to make up for a most inexcusable unpunctuality. This is the matter to which attention must be directed, if there is to be legislation at all. We know

the advantages we enjoy over the Continent in the superior average speed of our trains, and we have no wish to make invidious comparisons. But any traveller in France, for instance, must contrast the exactness of French railway timing with the scandalous unpunctuality of the English lines. It may be said of some of the lines out of London that for a train to arrive at its destination at the time promised is rather the exception than the rule. While a traveller from Paris to Calais or Lyons, or even Marseilles, may be almost certain to be put down at the terminus with the greatest exactness, no one can travel fifty miles on the lines we speak of without preparing to be ten minutes, fifteen minutes, or perhaps twenty minutes late, and correspondingly with greater distances. On ordinary occasions this is productive of simple inconvenience and disappointment, should any one be so simple as to think that on coming up from a town on the south coast he will be able to catch another train in London, or do some particular business before a certain time. But every now and then more serious consequences follow. If parliament is to interfere at all, it should be to force the companies to keep better time. There is no danger in a train going forty or even fifty miles an hour at a proper place, but such “spurts” as a driver sometimes makes to remedy his own or somebody else's delay cannot but be full of peril.

THE prorogation of the Prussian Chambers in the midst of their session places the Government in a position so singular that it is difficult to imagine what course the King and his advisers will now pursue. The situation in which they are placed can best be realised by supposing the consequences of the prorogation of our own parliament at the present moment. There would be nothing unconstitutional in her Majesty's ministers proroguing parliament to-morrow, instead of waiting till the first week in August, but the result of such a proceeding would be to divest the Government of all means of administering the affairs of the country. The Appropriation Bill has not been passed, and consequently no provision would exist for meeting the public expenditure. Several Acts still await the sanction of one or other house of parliament and of the Crown, which must become law in order to secure the continuance of that intricate and costly system which constitutes the administrative machinery of this vast empire. Until parliament was again convened and permitted to proceed with its labours the action of the Government would be completely paralysed. It is to this pass, however, that the Prussian Sovereign and his Ministry have voluntarily reduced themselves. They have suspended the sittings of the Chambers whilst the provisions for the maintenance of the State fabric are still incomplete, and have left themselves no other alternative than that of again convening the Chambers and enabling them to proceed with their legislative duties, or attempting themselves to rule entirely independent of Parliamentary control. The issue which has been raised is virtually one between an absolute monarchy and constitutional government; and the King of Prussia, until he again meets his Parliament, must either permit public affairs to remain *in statu quo*, or conduct them after some fashion which, though possibly congenial with his own inclinations, cannot be reconciled with the principles of the constitution he is pledged to support.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. John Humphreys, Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the Duke of Northumberland Tavern, Worship-street, Shoreditch, respecting the death of Elizabeth Thomas, aged one year, who died from destitution under the following melancholy circumstances:—

Ann Thomas, 6, New-court, Shoreditch, said that she was the wife of a plumber, and that her husband had deserted her on the 21st of last January, without leaving her the slightest means to support herself and two children. The witness then went into a statement of the most deplorable kind, showing the struggles she had made by working for the neighbours, and earning 6d. to 7d. at times which she paid away for rent. She said she had to make up 2s. 8d. per week in order to keep a roof over her head, and that she had at first managed to do it by selling the furniture bit by bit, until it was all gone, and although it was a very common case for herself and children to be wholly without food for a considerable time, yet it was only when her rent was in arrear, her furniture all gone, and her children actually starving, that she at length applied to the parish for relief. This was given to her to the extent of two loaves and ninepence, and at the same time with the intimation that no further relief would be afforded unless she came into the house. As that would necessitate the parting of her from her children she declined, preferring the utter poverty and chance of starvation to such separation. The witness's troubles did not end here, for it appears her landlord pressed her for rent due, which she could not give him, and as her whole furniture consisted of only a table, and no bed, it would have been useless to put in a broker, he, according to the witness's statement without notice, had the door of her room removed, exposing the unfortunate family in their uncovered state to the biting cold which existed at the time. About a fortnight back she left the house with her child to endeavour to procure food, and found the door closed against her. It was at the time very cold, a north-east wind blowing, and she and her child, with scarcely any clothes upon them, were exposed until past twelve at night, when she managed to effect an entrance. They slept on the boards that night, and the child caught cold, and each day got worse and worse, until she took it to a chemist and gave him a penny to give it some medicine; but it was of no use, as the poor thing got weaker and weaker, and as she had no proper food—in fact, little of any kind at all—she gradually sank until death put an end to her sufferings on Wednesday week.

Mrs. Keefe, 85, Worship-street, said that from time to time, as well as some of the other neighbours, gave them a little bread, in order to keep them from actual starvation.

The coroner, in summing up, said the case was a dreadful one, and it was a pity that the unfortunate woman when in that deplorable state had not accepted relief from the parish. However inhuman the conduct of the landlord might have been in the matter, he must tell the jury that it was not criminal.

The jury returned a verdict of death from bronchitis, accelerated by destitution.

THE surgeon-major of the Royal Horse Blues writes to the *Times* that the root of the pitcher plant is a specific for this disease. An ounce of the root is sliced and infused in a quart of water and allowed to simmer down to a pint, and given in two tablespoonful doses every four hours, while the patient is well nourished with beef tea and arrowroot.

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General News.

THE King of Prussia's physicians have advised his Majesty to go to the baths of Carlsbad for the re-establishment of his health.

THE ladies of Venedotia, or North Wales, are about to present the Princess of Wales with a gift emblematic of the principality. It consists of a set of ornaments, manufactured by Messrs. Garrard and Co., the chief object being a badge, formed of precious stones. The oval border is composed of fifteen large brilliants; a number which correspond with that of the Welsh chieftains; and set open in this framework is the device of a leek, the bulbous portion of which is a diamond of extraordinary size, while the green top consists of emeralds, arranged in long flag-like leaves, which droop in a natural manner. The legend which we have quoted is traced beneath in small brilliants; and the pendant to the badge is a fine drop-shaped emerald.

It has just been intimated that Mr. R. C. Naylor, of Hooton Hall, owner of Macaroni, the winner of the Derby, has transmitted the handsome sum of 1,000*l.* to his worship the mayor, Mr. R. C. Gardner, to be by him apportioned among the charitable institutions of Liverpool. In his note accompanying this gift Mr. Naylor states that he makes it in consequence of his late successes at Epsom.

FROM the *South African Advertiser* of the 18th of April we learn that the rural deans of the diocese have, in an address to the Bishop of Cape Town, expressed a desire that measures should be taken to test the soundness of the opinions published by Dr. Colenso, and their compatibility with his retention of his high office. The bishop, in reply to an address from the clergy, says:—"You intimate your intention of bringing the teaching which he has put forth to the test of a formal trial. I need scarce say, that if, after full consideration of the subject, you still feel that you ought to frame articles against the bishop, and present him for his writings, I shall feel it my painful duty to cite him to appear before myself and such other bishops of this wide-spread province as can be gathered together, to answer to the charges which shall be brought against him."

THE Duke of Brunswick, now residing in Paris, has an extraordinary collection of diamonds, valued at 450,000*l.* A catalogue of his gems which he has published contains 268 quarto pages, and he gives in it the history of each individual stone. A black diamond, obtained from the treasury of a Nabob, served for centuries in India as the eye of an idol. A wondrously fine pink brilliant once belonged to the jewels of the Emperor Baber, at Agra, and is said to be invaluable. A solitaire of twelve studs was once worn by the Emperor Pedro of Brazil as waistcoat buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Marie Stuart, as her arms and "MS." engraved on it prove. A pair of diamond earrings were once the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In this way one curiosity follows the other. The duke has any quantity of diamonds at £3,000, £4,000, and £6,000, two at £9,000, three at £10,500, and another at £12,000. But, in spite of this, he is at present bargaining for two gems—one estimated at £35,500, the other £97,500. The millionaire, however, according to the *Court Journal*, is the slave of his treasure.

THE *Surrey Standard* says:—"Sir Moses Montefiore has undertaken a journey to Constantinople, and on his way he stayed a short time at Pesh, where he attracted great attention, not only from his great age, which is eighty-one, and his noble, commanding bearing, but on account of his creed. Sir Moses Montefiore has undertaken this long journey, which at his advanced time of life is a great risk, in order to use his influence with the Sultan in favour of his Jewish Brethren."

A FATAL duel took place three days ago between two privates of the 7th Lancers, named Juilart and Cribier, quartered at Haguenau (Bas-Rhin). They fought with sabres in the riding-school, in presence of the fencing-master and other witnesses, when Cribier received a wound in the region of the heart, which caused instant death.—*Galignani*.

THREE Englishmen have just qualified themselves for membership in the "mountainous clubs," by doing the ascent of the Pyrenees. They left Gabas, near Eaux Chaudes, at 7.30 a.m., and attempted to ascend the great Pic du Midi—a feat never before performed so early in the year. The constant fall of avalanches was the only danger, and in spite of that two out of the three reached the summit, having left their companion perched on a rock half-way up, and got safely down to Eaux Chaudes at ten p.m. A thick fog added to the pleasures of the descent.

SUICIDE OF MR. SWANBOROUGH, OF THE STRAND THEATRE.

DR. Lankester held an inquest on the body of Mr. Henry Valentine Smith, aged sixty, who was professionally known by the name of "Swanborough," at his residence, 9, Greville-place, Kilburn, who committed suicide. Mr. Francis Musgrave, the musical director at the Strand Theatre, who resided with the family for two years, was the principal witness. He said he last saw the deceased alive on the previous Wednesday morning, and that he then appeared as well as usual. He had complained of giddiness and pains in the head, and had been in a low state for three or four weeks. The only reason he could assign for the act was that the business at the Strand Theatre had lately been bad, or not so good as it had been. He had heard the deceased speak of the bad business, but he was not, he believed, in pecuniary difficulties. He also had, and could get money. A juror asked whether deceased was a betting man? Mr. Musgrave said he was not, and he was sure knew nothing of such matters. It was stated that the question was asked on account of a report which had been made. The cook, Sarah Taylor, stated that as the deceased went on the Wednesday morning to the closet upstairs, which was not usual, and did not return, she told the housemaid. The door was locked, but she heard breathing. Afterwards they told Miss Swanborough, and the gardener forced the door open. The deceased was in a sitting posture with a razor in his hand. Dr. Cleveland attended and described the wound in the throat. The deceased never rallied, and died in three hours. Mr. Robins, a surgeon, said he had attended the deceased two or three times in the last twelve months. Since the fit his circulation had been feeble, and his state of health had no doubt acted on his mind, and produced a temporary aberration. The coroner said Mr. Robins's evidence was important as explaining the state of mind, and he thought that there could be no doubt but the act was committed during a temporary aberration of intellect. The jury concurred, and returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

A REPUBLICAN PRINCE.—A letter from Ancona, in the *Presse*, has the following account of Prince Humbert, of Italy:—"Prince Humbert is quite a lad, but on seeing him one feels that he belongs to that valiant house of Savoy which has often had for its first and often its only virtue, heroism. He has so decided and resolute an air even when he salutes, that your heart is moved in spite of yourself. He walks exceedingly erect, and looks straight at you. One sees that he is a man. He has been well brought up. We have seen him raise up a peasant who had fallen upon his knees to present him with a petition, saying—'Henceforth every man must stand up before his fellow!' And when the syndics approached to take his hand for the purpose of kissing it, he withdrew it quickly, saying—'Gentlemen, this is no longer done!' This young man has not, like young Louis XV, had a Duke de Villeroi for a governor, and no one has said to him, pointing to a crowd on a public holiday, 'All this is yours!'"

APPALLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT, AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A most horrible accident occurred on Friday evening, May 29, to the five o'clock express from Brighton. The train was a very long one, numbering some fifteen carriages, and at one time had two engines. At Hayward's Heath, carriages containing two companies of the Grenadiers, returning from rifle practice at Eastbourne, were coupled on. As the train, which was running to Victoria Station, neared London, the pace became terrific; the alarmed passengers remarked on the swaying of the carriages, which were absolutely pitching from side to side. The train had left the rails. Then came suddenly a crashing shock, accompanied by a loud explosion. There was silence for a moment before there arose the agonizing shrieks and cries of women, children, and men, in fear and torture. The train was a vast wreck, in which hundreds of wounded were imprisoned, or beneath which they were crushed. The engine had burst, throwing the stoker and driver into an adjoining field, masses of scalds and wounds. The force of the explosion was so great that the top of the boiler was actually thrown two fields off. Carriages were capized; some a mere agglomeration of splinters. Of others, the bottoms had fallen out, letting the unhappy travellers through, to be torn and broken beneath the wheels. The least hurt scrambled out to the rescue of the others, and help soon arrived from Streatham. Surgeons, clergymen, and people came with assistance of every kind. Tools, lin. brandy, all were forthcoming in a short space of time. Here a lady dead, there a woman with her jaw torn off; here children dead or dying, there soldiers strewn about in death or pain as if on a battle-field; and all this the work of a few moments on a pleasant summer's afternoon among the green fields of Streatham. Those who were able to move were all covered with blood—either their own or that of others. Few escaped without wounds of some nature. Those who could set to work to extricate those who lay entangled in the debris. Some carriages had to be broken before the sufferers—many in pain and screaming—could be extricated. From others doors were wrenched off to be converted into litters. Any description of the ruin is almost impossible; rails, axles, wheel tires, and muskets were lying about in every direction, twisted into the most fantastic shapes like so many pieces of wire. The dead were conveyed to Streatham. The telegraph was instantly set to work, and assistance soon arrived from Victoria Station. The accident happened about half-past six, and about eight the wounded were conveyed to London.

Besides the ordinary passengers there were two companies of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Burnaby, who, with Colonel Keppel, Captain Norton, and Mr. Trotter, and another gentleman, were together in a first-class carriage. The escape of these officers was most wonderful. On starting from Eastbourne there was a proposition (so usual) to get into the centre compartment of the carriage. One of the party, however, happened to have already got into the end compartment, and so the rest followed. Had they ridden in the centre not one would have escaped, for that compartment was completely doubled up, and driven together. Another singular circumstance is that, in the overturn, the wheel of the next carriage cut clean like a knife into the officer's compartment, but fortunately it cut through the sixth seat, the only one vacant. It has fared, however, terribly with the men. The two companies—Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby's and Colonel Keppel's—averaged about fifty men each. They came from Eastbourne in the highest spirits, for they had beaten the other companies of their regiment in shooting. The men were much pleased, and were stinging nearly all the way till the accident happened, and then in a moment occurred as great a loss as in a battle. At the Victoria Station the regimental surgeons were in attendance, and many officers of the Guards who had heard of the telegram.

The wounded soldiers were conveyed to the Grenadier Guards Hospital, Rochester-row, Westminster, and were immediately attended by the surgeon-major, and other officers. One lady and two soldiers were killed on the spot.

Salmon, the engine-driver, after lingering in a state of intense torture, consequent on the injuries he sustained by scalding and burning, died on Saturday afternoon at St. Thomas's Hospital, Surrey Gardens. Tribes, the fireman, was also fearfully scalded and burned.

The other passengers who have suffered most grievously are Dr. Cureton, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, dreadfully injured about the face and legs; and his daughter, whose legs are fractured.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—This was witnessed on Monday night, under auspices of a very favourable character. The passing of the earth between the sun and moon, casting its shadow upon the latter luminary, was distinctly to be observed, as the hemisphere was comparatively cloudless nearly the whole period of the eclipse, and the atmosphere both cool and refreshing, the wind standing nearly stationary, and gently blowing from the south-east by east point of the compass. Partial darkness took place, as seen in the metropolis, at ten minutes before nine o'clock, the moon being at that time within 2*h.* 39*m.* of full. At this moment a thin, gauze-like haze hung over the city, but a few minutes afterwards it vanished, and the moon's face shone resplendently, giving in sharp outline the shape of the earth's shadow upon its surface. The first impingement of the shadow was observed about twelve minutes before nine o'clock, the beginning of the total phase occurring precisely at six minutes before eleven. At 11.24 the moon appeared half obscured, the darkened portion having the usual copper-coloured shade, the unobscured half exhibiting the most silvery brightness. Two minutes before midnight, the obscuration was perfect, but the moon even then was not invisible, but exhibited a deep brown or copper colour, and with a good telescope the irregularities on its surface might still be marked out, and any changes caused in the craters and other features by the passage of the penumbra could be distinctly observed by those skilled in astronomical science. The eclipse then passed gradually off, the same favourable circumstances for observation continuing until the end of the eclipse, the last contact with the shadow being a few minutes after one o'clock, and that with the penumbra at seven minutes past two. Numbers of persons congregated in the parks to have an unobscured view of this beautiful phenomenon, which our artist has depicted.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.—The melancholy story of the wreck of the steamship *Anglo-Saxon*, off Cape Race, on the 27th ult., is not devoid of instances of great heroism and patient endurance on the part of some of those who lost their lives on that melancholy occasion, as well as on the part of several of the survivors. Among the former we may mention the name of the late Band- sergeant Roberts, of the 1st battalion, 17th Regiment, who was lost in the ill-fated vessel while on his way to this garrison. It appears from the narratives of those who escaped that dreadful sacrifice of human life that, from the moment the vessel struck the rocks, until she went down, the gallant and unfortunate soldier distinguished himself by his efforts to preserve order among the terrified passengers, to assist the captain and officers in placing the women and children in the boats, and otherwise to aid in the saving his fellow-beings. A Mrs. Thomas was the last person saved by poor Roberts. He caught her by the waist, and with superhuman energy flung her into a boat that was some distance from the ship, and threw his great coat after her, telling her it would keep her warm. He then ran to the ladies' cabin, and broke open a trunk, from which he took a garment for the purpose of clothing a female who was almost in a naked state, and in the act of putting it on her the ship went down, consigning him to a watery tomb.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

The following is contained in a letter from Vera Cruz, dated April 30th—

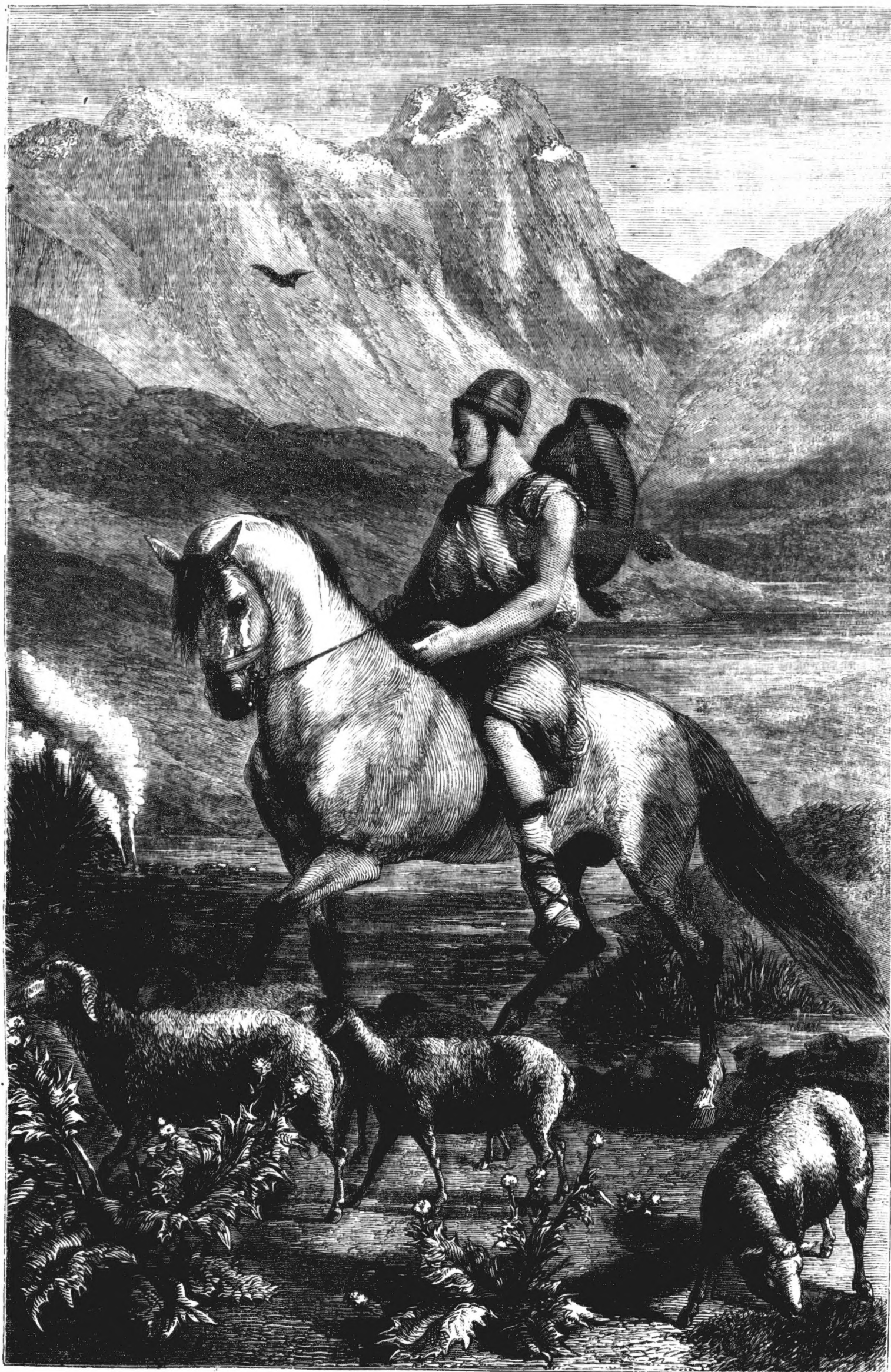
"The feeling in the army is not very good in consequence of the difficulties encountered, and the opinion generally expressed that General Forey has brought discredit upon the French arms by his mode of proceeding. Had he assaulted the city instead of laying siege to it, he would have taken the place at a blow. Perhaps the loss of life might have been a little greater than at present, but assuredly less than the loss will be at the end of the siege, unless the place be reduced by famine, a result which can furnish no laurels to the French army. Comparisons are constantly being made between the Gallic and American campaigns in Mexico, and there is little in these contrasts flattering to the former. They have a superior force whilst the Mexicans are inferior in numbers, and whatever may be said of the fortifications of Puebla, the Americans found quite as great obstacles at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec; they took them, however, at a dash with a mere handful of men compared to what the French army in Mexico now is. Of course the French will not admit they are inferior soldiers to the Americans, and they must, therefore, charge the fault of their present short-comings upon some one, and General Forey comes in for the blame, and I think not without reason. The attack of yesterday is believed to have been made in consequence of the urgent solicitations of Count de Saligny, who arrived at headquarters five days ago, and is said to be violently opposed to the course pursued by the commander-in-chief. That minister knows the Mexican character well, and of how great importance it is for the French to give prompt and vigorous blows. General Forey's loss up to yesterday did not exceed seven hundred killed and wounded. Amongst the killed the French have to regret General Lamiere. The Mexicans confess to a loss of about eight hundred, but more than that number have fallen into the hands of the French as prisoners or deserters. Three days ago two hundred passed over in a body, whilst nearly all the cavalry have abandoned the city, making their escape under cover of the dark. Inside Puebla provisions are becoming very scarce, and the night before last a convoy of Indians numbering some eight hundred, were surprised whilst stealing through the French lines. Six hundred of the party took to their heels, leaving their loads behind them, but it is supposed that some two hundred got safely in with their loads of bread and flour. The French are well off for supplies, which are now being collected from the fertile regions surrounding this. General Comonfort is at San Martin with some 4,000 men, and parties of his command are giving every possible annoyance to the convoys of the French. Three days ago, near Atlitico, the French got hold of a large guerrilla troop under the command of Generals Rosas, Sanda, and Puebla, and killed about 200, making as many more prisoners. On the road from here to Vera Cruz the guerrillas have been more fortunate. They succeeded lately in capturing 250 loaded mules."

SUICIDE BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.—A sad event occurred at the island of Dominica some weeks since. A French gunboat grounded on a rock. The commander, whose fault it clearly was, landed on the island, walked some three miles, filled a towel with stones, hung it round his neck, and drowned himself. He had run his vessel aground once before. The gunboat was got off, and carried her dead commander to Martinique.

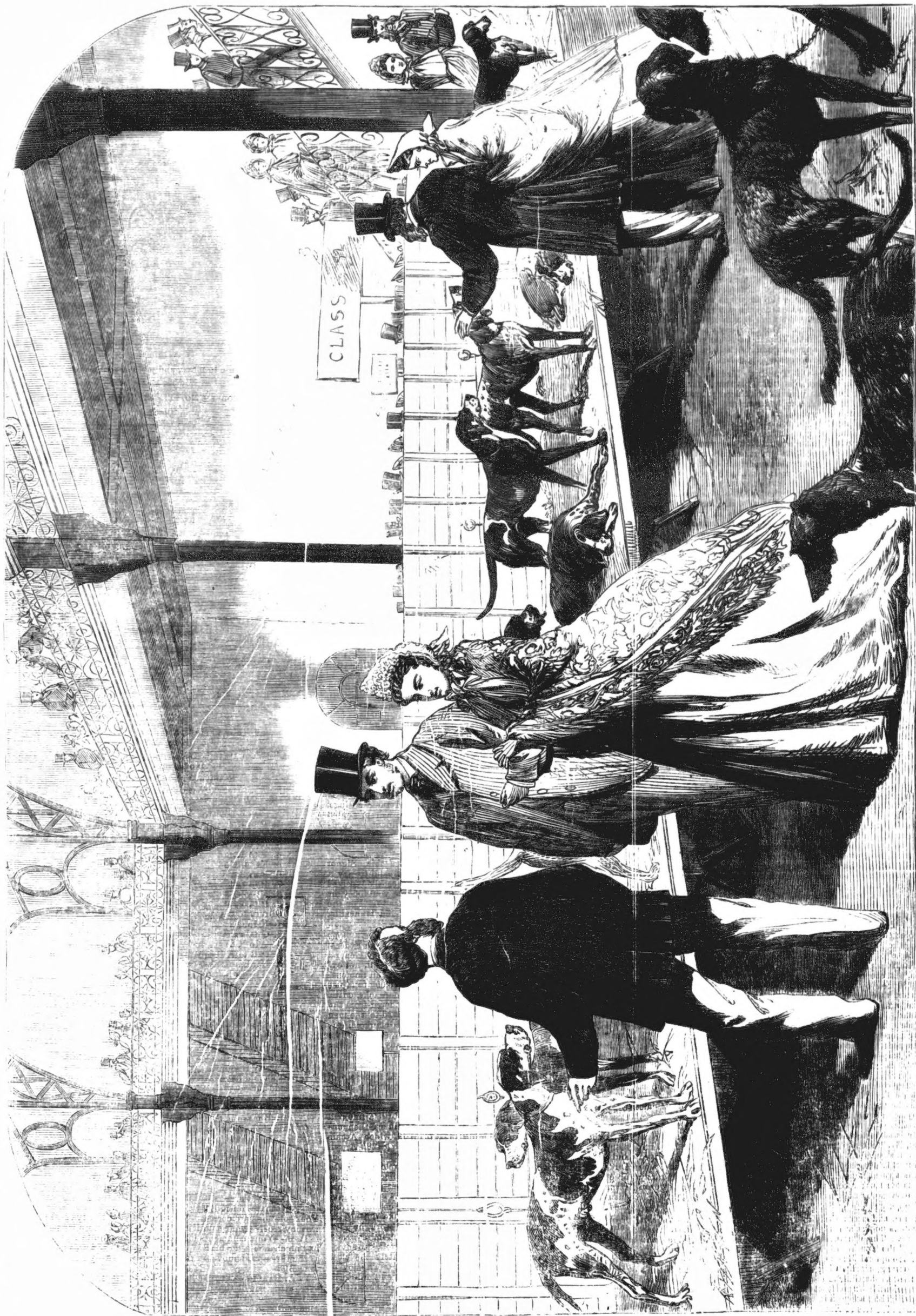
A CITY WITHOUT A MAYOR.—On the 24th ult., Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, with a small command, went to South Florence, a little village on the opposite side of the river from Suscumbia, and demanded its surrender. Soon after a lengthy reply was received in due form, signed by David S. Young, chairman of a committee on behalf of the citizens of Florence. It stated that there had been an election in December last for mayor and aldermen, but that the vote was so slight that the men chosen had never been "qualified," nor had they ever entered upon the discharge of their official duties; consequently the city could not be surrendered for the want of some one to give it up! They said that while they were not empowered to make a formal surrender, yet they could give assurance that they would make no resistance to the occupation of the town by the Federal authorities.—*American Paper*.

SHAKSPEREAN TERCENTENARY.—A meeting was held at Stratford-upon-Avon, for the purpose of deciding upon the manner of celebrating the tercentenary of Shakspeare's birthday in 1664. The chair was occupied by the lord-lieutenant of the county, Lord Leigh, and the meeting was one of the largest held in Stratford for several years. It was agreed, "That a national memorial shall be raised to Shakspeare in Stratford-upon-Avon," as the place of his birth. For this purpose money will be sought throughout the country. After some animated discussion as to the best mode of celebrating the tercentenary, it was resolved:—1. To extend the educational advantages of the Free Grammar School of King Edward VI, Stratford, in which Shakspeare was educated, and to found and establish one or more scholarships and exhibitions at the universities, in connexion with the school. 2. To found a triennial prize for the best poem or essay on Shakspeare, to be open to public competition. 3. To lay out New-place Gardens, and open them to the public, and otherwise properly celebrate the tercentenary at Stratford.

THE AMENITIES OF WAR.—Colonel B. F. Parker, in command of Confederate forces in Jackson county, Missouri, has written to the Federal General Blunt, notifying that unless he treats those whom he captures as honourable prisoners of war, he will, on and after May 20, retaliate on five Federal citizens or soldiers for every Southern who may be executed. General Blunt replies as follows:—"Head-quarters, district of Kansas, Fort Leavenworth, May 13. Sir,—As you do not designate the locality of the head-quarters of the Confederate forces under your command, as honourable belligerents always do, I am compelled to adopt this method of communication with you, in reply to your long tirade about constitutional liberty, &c., about which you appear to have as correct an appreciation as a Hottentot or a South Sea Islander. I have the honour to say to you, after reading your long lecture, that you need not defer your proposed acts of retaliation until the 24th of May. It is of little consequence to me to know what are the instructions of the 'Government you represent.' It is sufficient for me to know that you and your motley crew are insurgents and assassins; that you are organizing within the military district of the Union forces, and are engaged in murdering and plundering unarmed loyal citizens, thereby barring yourself of all rights and considerations extended to prisoners of war. I have instructed officers in command of troops in the border counties of Missouri (and the same rule shall extend to all territory under my command) that every rebel or rebel sympathiser who gives aid, directly or indirectly, shall be destroyed or expelled from the military district. These instructions will not exempt females from the rule. Experience has taught that the bite of a she adder is as poisonous and productive of mischief as the bite of any other venomous reptile. Therefore, all persons known to be in arms against the Federal authorities of this district will be summarily put to death when captured. The only constitutional right that will be granted them will be the right to make choice of the quality of rope with which they will be hung. All those who are in sympathy with your cause, and whom the military authorities may not feel justified in putting to death, will be sent south of the Arkansas river. They will do well to avail themselves of this my last friendly admonition. Trusting that you will fully appreciate the motives that have prompted me to adopt this humane policy toward your misguided friends, I have the honour to remain your obedient servant, JAS. G. BLUNT, Major-General, Colonel B. F. Parker, Confederate States' Army."



THE SHEPHERD OF THE KABYLE. (See page 557.)



THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S VISIT.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—On Tuesday, "Les Huguenots" was given with a splendid cast, including Mdlle. Titens, Mdlle. Louise Michal, Mdlle. rebelli, Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier, Mr. Santley and Signor Fricca, a new basso, who appeared in the character of Marcello, and with decided success. The sudden change in the weather, or some cause atmospheric or otherwise, seemed to have exercised a very subduing effect upon the audience, for we never saw a fine performance received so coldly. Mdlle. Trebelli was certainly encored in the page's second song. "No, no, no," and the superb singing and acting of Mdlle. Titens and Signor Giuglini in the third act roused the house to enthusiasm, but, generally speaking, applause was most scanty. Signor Fricca will, we fancy, be an acquisition to the establishment. He has a commanding figure, and a voice of good quality, and of at least two octaves in extent. In the fine duet with Valentina, in the second act, Signor Fricca was admirable, and the applause which followed was by no means proportioned to the merits of the performance. The whole of the scene in the *Pre aux Clercs* was excellently done, and the set in the dual episode was magnificently delivered. The difficult and not always pleasing music written for the part of the Queen was sung by Mdlle. Louise Michal. Occasionally the singer was a little uncertain, both in intonation and execution, but, on the whole, she was entitled to very high praise. Her voice has improved in quality, and the tone is better produced than when she first appeared in this country. The orchestral accompaniments were particularly well played, and some of the choruses were capitally done. Others betrayed a want of intimate acquaintance with the music. The *finale* to the second act was very spiritless, and it is not the first time we have had occasion to make this remark, so we fancy there must be some hitch connected with the climax. We have a notion that the curtain does not fall quite soon enough. On Thursday was repeated "La Traviata," and to-night, Mdlle. Volpini, from the Grand Opera, at Barcelona, makes her first appearance in England, in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." "Faust" is in active preparation.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Tuesday, Madlle. Adeline Patti assumed the part of Leonora, in "Il Trovatore," for the second time, and, judging from the plaudits which rang through a house crowded to the ceiling, with complete success. We are not at all sure, however, that Verdi's Leonora is a character to which the vocal means and peculiar histrionic genius of Mdlle. Patti are fitted. That she would sing the music well was expected, and no one was disappointed. That she would act with peculiar intensity in a part presenting such excellent opportunities was also a reasonable anticipation, but we are not quite certain that her Leonora, although it has created much excitement, will prove one of her stock roles. We would rather reserve our judgment upon the subject. Mdlle. Patti is the pet of the public at the present time, and as she is the cleverest pet that has appeared for a considerable period, we are rather inclined to be cautious in pronouncing an opinion upon a performance which, from her instinctive earnestness, is pretty sure to enrapture all her admirers. Flotow's "Martha" was repeated on Thursday, with Mdlle. Fioretti in the part of the heroine, gaining an encore for the spinning-wheel quartet by the brilliancy and spirit of her vocalisation, and for the air, "Qui sola vergin rosa," by the smoothness and expressive style of her singing. The cast of the other characters was the same as before, and the opera was beautifully done throughout. To-night, "La Gazza Ladra" is to be performed, Madlle. Patti assuming the character of Ninetta.

OLD DRURY, on the 30th inst., is to be the arena of a grand demonstration in aid of a fund now being raised for a national metropolitan monument to William Shakspeare. On this remarkable occasion, sixty of the most eminent members of the theatrical profession have proffered their services. The performances are to consist entirely of the immortal bard's works. William Charles Macready, Esq., heads the roll as president. Were the theatre twenty times its size it ought to be filled for such a purpose.

OLYMPIC.—"The Ticket-of-leave Man," by Tom Taylor, recently produced here, bids fair to attract good audiences for some time to come. Few better dramas—none better acted—have, for a long time past, appeared on the London stage. Robert Brierly, Mr. H. Neville, is a young man, an orphan, of generous instincts, who, suddenly enriched by the accession of a small patrimony, ventures to London to see life. Genial sympathies, and a manly temper, have led to free living, loose company, and dissipation. In his ignorance of the world, he makes the acquaintance of a professional scoundrel, James Dalton, alias the Tiger, Mr. R. Atkins, who pretends to be his friend. Funds failing, Dalton palms off a flash note on Brierly, who passes it without a guilty knowledge, but is subsequently apprehended; while Dalton, by striking down his pursuer, escapes. Brierly is tried and convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude. Happily for him, however, his descent downwards is arrested by an attachment to May Edwards, a ballad singer, Miss Kate Saville, whom he has assisted in a more prosperous hour, and who now maintains the ties of the outer world with the prisoner, by corresponding with him in prison. He returns with a ticket of leave, a sober, altered, and earnest man. His old companions discovering him in a confidential office, inform his employer that he is a ticket-of-leave man, and procure his discharge. This fatal catastrophe ensues, of all days of his life, on his projected wedding day, when he is to be married to May Edwards, who, as housekeeper in the same offices, is also dismissed. Some lapse of time now occurs, and we see the unlucky Brierly hounded from place to place by his miscreant enemies, Moss and Dalton, and are made partner in some of the sufferings and privations induced by their persecutions. Brierly, now working as a navigator, is once more exposed to, and scouted by, his companions, and the plot being ripe, and his ruin, as they believe, completed, the two villains, who have persecuted him so long, step in and propose a burglary, as a means of obtaining money, and as an outlet for his present troubles. To this he seemingly consents, and is thus, happily, enabled at last to trap his old, life-long enemies, who are seized in *flagrante delicto*. Brierly, unluckily, in their arrest, however, receives a wound, but which is presumably of temporary consequence, and the curtain falls with a prospect that, his old enemies being brought to justice, he may yet retrieve his first faults in setting out in life. It would be difficult to single out any actor or actress more entitled than another to praise. Mr. H. Neville, as Brierly, played remarkably well; Miss Kate Saville with her usual sweetness; Mr. G. Vincent, Mr. R. Soutar, Mr. H. Cooper, Mr. Horace Wigan, and Mr. Atkins could scarcely have improved in any respect on their different parts. Miss Hughes played a *ci-devant* ballet girl (Miss Tadgers), who apes gentility, and who becomes a vocalist, as Emily St. Evremont, admirably. It has rarely fallen to our lot to record the production of a drama of which we can speak with more unfeigned satisfaction.

BRITANNIA.—The Ghost has been raised to some purpose at this house, and is not likely to require "laying" for some time, if tremendous houses are taken as a test of the public interest felt in its career. The drama remains as heretofore, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," the wonderfully real effect of the "Fire Scene," the marvels of the optical illusion, combined with the admirable character of the acting, maintaining its popularity unabated. Mr. Lane's enterprise, in thus securing so singular and happy a result of modern scientific experiment for his theatre, before any of the other large houses had adopted it, is now, indeed, reaping a reward; persons from all parts of England visiting London thronging to see it.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

ST. LEGER.—6 to 1 agst Mr. Saviles Ranger (t); 8 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden (t); 8 to 1 agst Mr. Valentine's Queen Bertha (t); 18 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer (t).

DERBY, 1864.—1,000 to 55 agst Mr. Ianson's Blair Athol (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (t); 30 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Gownsmen (t 40 to 1); 49 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's c by Fazzoletto—Calista (t); 40 to 1 against Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t).

THE GREAT PARIS RACE.

The largest crowd of fashionable company ever seen on the Long-champs racecourse assembled there on Sunday to see the long-talked-of great Paris prize ran for. The morning was sultry and lowering, and at about two o'clock a smart thunder shower cooled the air, softened the turf, and spoilt a good many bonnets. However, before the great event of the day came off, the weather held up, and became as fine as could be desired. The Grand Stand was crammed in every part. Many holders of 20*l*. (16*s*.) tickets could scarcely find standing-room, even on the roof. A novel feature, which lent additional animation to the scene on the racecourse, was the appearance of a number of the spahis, who galloped about in all directions, their flowing white and red costumes fluttering in the wind over the long tails of their little Barbary horses. They got up several impromptu races, both among themselves and with French civilians. In the weighing ground was observed a great many faces well known at Tattersall's, several members of the House of Lords, and some of the House of Commons. When Lord St. Vincent's Lord Clifden was brought out to be saddled, the French sporting men showed intense curiosity to scrutinise the horse who ran second in the Derby, and were loud in their commendations of his extraordinary beauty. Lord Clifden and La Touques were the favourites. La Touques is an ungainly red chestnut mare with an unsightly bit of white on the rump, which one might fancy had been made by a crupper; but her form of running is splendid. Saccharometer's velvet black coat and elegant proportions were much admired in the ring. The Emperor and Empress arrived just before the great race.

After two minor affairs twelve horses started for the great Paris prize, 100,000*fr*. (4,000*l*.), half subscribed by the city of Paris, and half by the five great railway companies, besides a silver cup given by the Emperor. The horses that ran paid 1,000*fr*. (40*l*.) entry, and there were upwards of sixty forfeits of 500*fr*. each, so that the prize to be won was a very splendid one.

The twelve competitors were got off at once with a capital start. As they passed the Grand Stand they might have been covered with a sheet. M. Aumont's Damier made play at first, and was closely followed by the Duke de Morny's Demon. Lord Clifden held a good place till near the end of the race, and a severe contest then took place between Mr. H. Savile's Ranger and La Touques. La Touques's jockey flogged her very hard as he got near the post, but Ranger won by two lengths. Lord Strathmore's Saccharometer was third. La Touques gains as second 10,000*fr*. (400*l*.) and, although she was not the winner Frenchmen are much pleased to think that she beat Lord Clifden and Saccharometer, two prominent Derby horses.

SIGHTS OF PARIS.

WE this week present our readers with several engravings of Parisian sights, which doubtless many amongst the seven or eight hundred of the working classes who recently made a Witsundide trip to the French metropolis were taken to behold. In Pere la Chaise, the picturesque Parisian cemetery, there are some beautiful monuments, and amongst them is one to the memory of Visconti, the eminent artist. On the 29th of December, 1859, was inaugurated by the artists of Paris the monument represented in page 560, to the memory of their lamented architect, Tullius Ludovic Visconti, on the sixth anniversary of his death. The tomb stands in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and from its chasteness of design and beauty of execution reflects the highest credit on all concerned. Among those who were foremost to do honour to the memory of Visconti may be mentioned the names of Count Nieumerkerke, M.M. H. Vernet, H. Lebas, Caristie, and Hittorf.

The Palais de Justice is the Westminster Hall of Paris, for it is here the chief tribunals of the French nation hold their sittings. The uniforms of the French regiments of the line, as represented in our engraving, are remarkable for neatness, nattiness, and convenience.

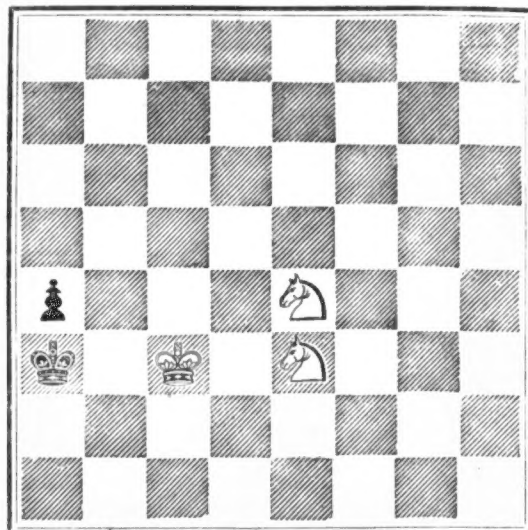
THE HEALTH OF GARIBALDI.—A resident in Ischia, Signor Giacomo di Luzio, having sent an invitation to Garibaldi to pay a visit to that island for the benefit of his health, recently received the following reply:—"Signor di Luzio,—I thank you for your kind letter, and for the interest you take in my health. For the present I cannot stir from Caprera. Here my wound is healing day by day, and I hope to be soon well."

THE SPOILS OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.—The *Richmond Whig* has the following account of the immense spoils left by the Federal army:—"From every side we hear that the spoils left by General Hooker's army exceed those on any previous battle-field, not excepting the engagements around Richmond. Not only an immense number of small arms—variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000—but an almost infinite quantity of overcoats, knapsacks, coats, and blankets. An idea of the spoils may be gathered from the statement made to us by an artillery officer in regard to the men of his battery. He says the country is so strewn with blankets, &c., that his men, in marching from one field to another, since the late battles, have never cumbered themselves with anything, being satisfied that wherever they may camp for the night a plenty of blankets and overcoats will be found."

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL AND HIS HENCHMAN.—At the sale of the late Marquis of Breadalbane's stock the following incident occurred. Among the numerous lists of competitors were the Dukes of Atholl, Hamilton, Argyll, and Sutherland, and Archie Challen or Menzies. Nothing remarkable occurred till a fine bull of pure Highland breed was exposed. The four dukes then entered the lists, and a brisk bidding took place in which Archie seemed to take a great interest. On the price reaching 120*l*. Argyll and Sutherland retired from the lists, leaving only the illustrious Dukes of Atholl and Hamilton to do battle. Archie's eye was observed to glisten with pleasure, but as the other offer came from Hamilton it would occasionally glance fire. At length a pause ensued. Atholl has the last bode, and the auctioneer is going to give the last call, when the stillness is broken by one more challenge from Hamilton. Archie, who had never once left the duke during the sale, could stand no more; suiting the action to the word, he gave the duke a slap on the shoulder, and shouted, "Stick in, my Lord Duke; if ye be short of cash I'll risk a 5*l* on you myself," an advice Atholl took. He gave one bode more, and immediately the clearing voice of the auctioneer sounded "Gone." The joy of Archie was unbounded. He seized the duke's hand, and informed him who was his opponent; upon which Atholl observed that with Archie's assistance, he would have had it although it should have cost five times as much.—*Pertshire Courier*.

Chess.

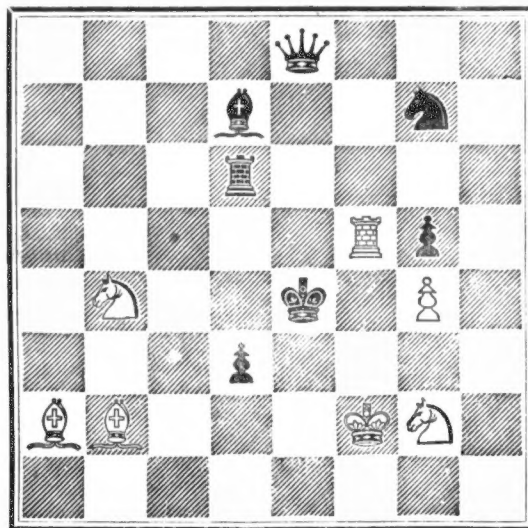
PROBLEM No. 113.—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 114.—By HERR LEOW.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

Game between Messrs. Kempe and Reynolds, the former giving odds of Q Kt.

Remove White Queen's Knight.

(ALLGAIN GAMEIT)

White. Mr. Kempe.	Black. Mr. Reynolds.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	4. P to Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. P to K R 4
6. B to B 4	6. Kt to K R 3
7. P to Q 4	7. P to Q 3
8. Kt to Q 3	8. P to B 6
9. P takes P	9. B to K 2
10. B to K B 4	10. B takes P (ch)
11. K to Q 2	11. P takes P
12. Q takes P	12. B to K Kt 5
13. Q to K 3	13. Q to K B 3
14. Q R to K B square	14. Q Kt to Q 2 (a)
15. B takes K Kt	15. Q takes B
16. B takes B P (ch)	16. K to K 2
17. Q takes Q	17. R takes Q
18. R takes B	18. R to K B square (h)
19. Kt to K B 2 (c)	19. R takes B (d)
20. Kt takes B	20. P takes Kt (e)
21. R takes B (ch)	21. K takes R
22. R takes R, and wins	

(a) Black must lose a piece.

(b) At first sight this looks as if the Bishop were lost.

(c) A pretty resource.

(d) He should have played R to K B 3, and the game would have proceeded thus—

20. Kt takes B

19. R to K B 2

21. B takes R P, and Black for choice.

20. R takes R

(f) He should have taken R, though with an inferior game.

H. S. MONGER.—The solution of the problem referred to should read as follows:—

White.	Black.
Q to K R 7	Any move
Q to Q R 6	K takes Q
Kt mates on K B 2	

Your solutions are correct. Why do you miss No. 108? Probably we may receive your solution of that problem before we publish it. T. P.—Your comments upon the game are quite right. White had no chance after his 22nd move. 23. R to K 4 was of no avail, as the threatened move in three moves was easily avoidable by Kt to Q B 3.

F. A. BARLIN.—Thanks for your kind wishes. We cannot, however, make use of the position sent; a problem, the conditions of which are to mate with "K P in sixteen moves" is more than nine-tenths of chess players would like to tackle.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

WESTMINSTER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.—Mr. Rolis, an Inspector of the B division of police, applied for a summons against the author of the following notice, which had been received by the commissioner of police:—"I hereby give notice that the parochial authorities have declined to entertain the present application for reasonable and proper relief and assistance on the part of a gentleman in destitute circumstances, and the police authorities having likewise declined interference in the matter, I am now under the necessity of committing crime, not with any malicious or felonious intent, but for the purpose of obtaining refuge in a metropolitan prison, and of affording the magistrates the option of either depriving me of my personal freedom, and subjecting me—which they will do after the present notice, upon their personal and official responsibility—to the risks and consequences inseparable from confinement, under such circumstances, in an ordinary felon's prison, or employing their legitimate powers and authority for the repression of this monstrous scandal and abuse. 23, Emington-street, Pimlico, S.W., May 13, 1863." Mr. Rolis having stated that the object of his application was to have the writer of the above bound over to keep the peace, Mr. Arnold directed the warrant to be issued against him, and a tall man, about forty years of age, of gentlemanly appearance and address, although meanly attired, who gave the name of Algernon Tottenham, was brought before the magistrate. Defendant, in reply to the charge, said that his position was that of perfect destitution, without the benefit of any remedy. He did not think a workhouse a fit place for a person of his position of life, or brought up as he had been. He suggested that his was an exceptional case, for which there should be an exceptional remedy apart from the ordinary administration of the poor laws; and further, that if his case were recognised by parochial authorities, he would be transferred to Dublin, and thus be deprived of the opportunity of establishing his claim to an estate in London. Mr. Arnold intimated that the authorities could do no more than administer relief by law. Defendant said that they would have a power, as he understood, of searching out property which might be coming to him and appropriating it, if he now became chargeable. To say nothing of that, he could not survive any length of time within the confines of a workhouse. He was certain it would be his death. Mr. Arnold inquired whether he had any relatives in London; and on his replying that he had a brother at Slough, Mr. Arnold required defendant to find one surety in £20 for his appearance, and directed the police to communicate with his brother in the interim.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY AT AN HOTEL.—Julius Lewis, described as a Prussian clerk, was charged with stealing at the Hotel Conte, 21, Golden-square, a leather pocket-book containing notes and railway passes, a gold watch and chain, a purse, and other articles, the notes being for the sum of £300; and the other property of the value of about £60 or £70, belonging to a gentleman named Victor Dettini, at present in France. Sergeant Henry Joy, 9 C, said that he apprehended the prisoner at Gravesend, just as he was discharged from custody by the authorities there, having been given into custody on the charge of robbing an hotel in Paris, and the authorities not being able to detain him. He told the prisoner that he was a police-officer, and he should take him into custody for robbery at the Hotel Conte, Golden-square, on the 8th of April last. The prisoner replied, "Oh, yes, I'll tell you all about it. I did rob a gentleman at the time, and I let myself out of the house between two and three o'clock in the morning. I took the gentleman's luggage into my own room from him, and then stole the three railway passes." The prisoner then said, "That duplicate is that of the gold chain I stole. The gold watch I sold in France for £3 13s. The eye-glasses is the one I took, and it is the first time I have done anything wrong." The prisoner afterwards said, "I stole one purse, and there were lots of gold and silver coins in it, and a sovereign and a half, but no notes." The gentleman robbed (Mr. Dettini), however, said he had been robbed of £200 in notes. In answer to Mr. Knox, Sergeant Joy said that the prosecutor had been telegraphed for, but he wished for a remand. The prisoner was remanded.

MARYLEBONE.

WHAT ARE "DERBY SWEEPS?"—Joseph Rodrick, landlord of the Bedford Arms, South-street, Marylebone, appeared to answer a summons taken out by order of Sir Richard Mayne, for "that he, being a person licensed to keep a public-house, known by the sign of the Bedford Arms, situate in South-street, Marylebone, did on the 19th day of May unlawfully allow, suffer, and permit a Derby sweep to take place in the said house and premises, against the tenour of the license granted for keeping the said house," &c., contrary to the statute, &c. Inspector Coombe (D division), was in attendance to watch the case on behalf of the Commissioners of Police. George Pink, plain-clothes officer, 85 D, was about to commence his evidence, when Mr. Yardley asked Mr. Coombe under what statute the proceedings were taken out. Mr. Coombe: Under the 9th George IV. (the Public-house Act). Mr. Yardley: It ought to have been under the Betting-house Act. Pink: On the 19th of this month, at about half-past eight in the evening, I went into the defendant's house—Mr. Yardley: Stop, Pink; what on earth is a Derby sweep? It might mean those useful individuals that used to go up chimneys—(laughter)—or it might mean a sweep who was in the house and was going to see the Derby race run for. Again, it might be that he was a chimney-sweep born at Derby. We may possibly amend this summons. Go on with the evidence. I will ask first whether the defendant knows for what he is summoned—that is, if he knows what a Derby sweep is? Defendant: I do know what is meant by a Derby sweep. The fact is, I allowed a few gentlemen into my private parlour to have a "little draw." Pink again proceeded with his evidence. On the 19th—Mr. Yardley: That was the day before the Derby race? Pink: Yes, sir, I went into the parlour, and saw the defendant and sixteen other gentlemen. Defendant had a white hat in his hand, and at a table there was a little boy with another hat, and a man sitting with some papers before him. Mr. Yardley: And what were they doing? Pink: They were calling out the names. Mr. Yardley: What were the names? Pink: So-and-so and So-and-so. Mr. Yardley: That is too vague. So-and-so is such a general term. Can't you remember the names of any of them? Pink: No, I can't, sir; there were so many. Mr. Yardley: Don't be cross, Pink. Am I to understand that you could not recollect the name or number? Pink: I cannot. Mr. Yardley: Perhaps you can recollect the names of the horses that were drawn? Pink: Yes, your worship. There was Macaroni, Lord Clifden, Hesperus, and, in fact, all the horses that ran in the race. As defendant called out the names of the persons, so the horses' names were drawn and called out. Mr. Yardley: There could be no harm in calling out the names you have mentioned, for Macaroni is a manufactured article. (Laughter.) Lord Clifden is the name of one of our noblemen—(increased laughter)—and Hesperus is the title of a potentate. Well, Pink, what else did you see and hear? Pink: The defendant handed the cards round to the company as they were drawn, and from some who had not previously paid he (the defendant) received half-a-crown. Mr. Yardley: This case is not before me in its proper form. It ought to have been taken out under the Betting Houses' Act. Without saying or doing anything further, I dismiss the summons.

WORSHIP STREET.

LIABILITY OF A GRANDFATHER.—Mr. Henry Davis, of 14, Albion-terrace, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, attended before Mr. Leigh to answer a summons obtained against him by the relieving officer of the parish of Hackney for neglecting to support his grandchild, William Davis, whereby it had become chargeable to that parish. Mr. Shorter, clerk to the guardians, said that the proceedings against the defendant were founded on a very old statute, 43rd of Elizabeth, cap. 2, sec. 7, which made a grandfather clearly liable to support his son's child, that son having left the wife and she being without the means of supporting her offspring. Annie Davis, the wife, a remarkably fine-grown person of prepossessing appearance, was then sworn, and she stated: I am now twenty-one years of age, and live at No. 25, Stanhope-street, Clare-market, in the parish of St. Clement Danes. I was in the service of defendant as housemaid for eighteen months. In the course of that time I was seduced by his son William Manners Davis. Defendant, on perceiving my situation, and ascertaining the cause, sent me away. The son came to me at Stanhope-street shortly afterwards, and offered to marry me. We were married at St. Clement Danes, on the 24th of September, 1862. Three days after that I was confined, and subsequently my husband's sister came to us, and I believe that in consequence of that visit he left me. I have not seen him since. We were living as man and wife at that time. Defendant, after the marriage, said he had no objection to it. Defendant: I made no observation of the kind, for I said, on the contrary, that since my son had seduced so foolishly as to marry you, he might do as he liked. The certificate of marriage between the parties was here put in and read. After which the young woman was subjected to a severe cross-examination by Mr. Shorter, in the course of which she stated:—"Defendant's son was about fifteen years of age when he married me. The ceremony was by banns. I gave the usual notice, and some persons at the church acted as father at the wedding, both of us being minors." Mr. Cooke: Where is the father of the child now? Mr. Shorter:

He is supposed to be abroad, sir, or may be unable to support his wife; but there is not anything in the statute to the effect that an order on a grandfather need state that the actual father is unable. The justices have a discretionary power: if the grandfather be a rich man and the father a poor man, they may, in the exercise of that discretion, make an order on the grandfather to maintain his grandchildren, and also to pay so much money as shall be thought reasonable for the time past. Mr. Beard, while admitting defendant's legal liability, complained of the wife's conduct, and also that of the man, who had manifestly acted most disreputably in forwarding as he did a union between parties so differently positioned in life. A young gentleman not sixteen years of age, had clearly been inveigled into a marriage carried out by means of falsehood and deception, and causing unhappiness and misery to a respectable family. He trusted that the magistrate would make an order only for a very small amount. Mr. Shorter said that the wife wanted £4 a week, and the defendant could well afford it, renting as he did a house at between £50 and £60 a year. Mr. Beard admitted this, but objected to the sum named, the wife being in good health and well able to work in her former vocation. Mr. Cooke remarked that the whole case was indeed a very sad one, but as the law threw the liability on the defendant, it must be dealt with accordingly. Under all the circumstances he would order that payment of £4 a week should be made. Mr. Beard said that he should endeavour, by pursuing a certain course, to get rid of the order; for, in point of fact, Mr. Davis did not believe the child was his son's. The matter then dropped.

FATAL RESULTS OF DRUNKENNESS.—James Webb, 31 years of age, described as a dairyman, in business at 3, Cross-street, Westmoreland-place, City-road, was charged before Mr. Cooke with having caused the death of Hannah Webb, his wife. Mr. Beard, retained by the friends of the deceased woman, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Harriage defended the prisoner. Mr. Charles Webster, Inspector of the N division, said: About ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th ult. I, in consequence of information obtained, went to No. 3, Cross-street, the residence of the prisoner and his wife. On a bed in the front room of the first floor I saw a woman lying in her day dress and quite dead. The prisoner was in the room, and I asked, "Who found this woman dead?" He replied, "I did." I asked, "Are you the husband?" and he answered, "I am." To further questions he said, "We went to bed together last night or this morning about one or two o'clock. Neither of us was sober. We had a few words last evening, and I gave her a rap, or a slap of the face." I don't know which term he used. From subsequent information I took him into custody shortly afterwards on suspicion of having caused his wife's death. He made no reply to the charge. I took possession of two coarse aprons; one of them has blood upon it. They were both in the parlour of the house. Sarah Ann Elvin, examined: Is the wife of a letter carrier in the General Post-office, living at 14, Westmoreland-place, City-road. Heard the prisoner, who was tipsy, threaten to strangle his wife. She said, "What a shocking thing it is to be so beaten about. God alone knows all that I have suffered for this man." She was perfectly sober. She had known the deceased twenty years, and never saw her the worse for liquor, although she had heard she had been seen drunk. Esther Bradford, also a lodger at 14, Westmoreland-place, corroborated the last witness in most of the particulars, adding that after Mrs. Elvin had left she saw prisoner pulling his wife about in the yard behind the house. The deceased was on the ground, and his hands were somewhere about her head or neck. She heard her exclaim, "Don't, James—don't!" After seeing her dead the next morning, as described by the inspector, she found a woman's collar in the yard. This witness also said that on the night in question the deceased went to her at her house and asked protection, but returned home on the understanding that if any harm were offered by the prisoner she would attempt to escape and give an alarm. Dr. Simpson, City-road, said that on the Tuesday in question, he was called to the prisoner's house about ten o'clock in the morning. He saw a woman lying on a bed in her day-dress. She was on her right side. Her right arm was across her chest, her left upraised, and one leg was across the other and drawn up. The bed had apparently been slept upon. There was no indication of a struggle, but the bed appeared to be partly disturbed. There was a large bruise under the collar-bone. He made a post mortem examination and found marks of violence on many parts of the body. Death proceeded from internal hemorrhage consequent upon external violence, caused, he believed, by a blow. Cross-examined: It might have resulted from a fall against a hard, blunt substance, but he was induced to believe that it was caused by a blow from the appearance of the bruises. George James, thirteen years of age, in the prisoner's service, said that on the morning in question he was sent out to fetch the doctor, and did so. Cross-examined: The night before the deceased was sober, but she had often been tipsy. When the prisoner was in Ireland, six months since, she was tipsy day and night. Now and then she had been tipsy since. She was so on the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday previous to the day when she was found dead. When in liquor she complained of pains in her head and side. The prisoner had often begged her to keep sober. The witness had seen him on his knees to her. The prisoner was committed to take his trial at the Central Criminal Court on the capital charge.

THAMES.

A VERY STALE CHARGE OF FELONY.—Jane Whitson, a very respectable young woman, the wife of a bricklayer, and dwelling at No. 3, Plumstead-park, West Ham, Essex, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a sovereign and the month of April, 1861, and two sovereigns in, or about, the month of August of the same year. Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, conducted the prosecution; Mr. Wilson, solicitor, defended the accused. The prosecutor in this case, Allan Gathergood, is a bricklayer, of No. 15, Mountfort-street, Whitechapel. In the year 1861, he lodged in a house in Whitechapel, of which the prisoner's husband was the landlord. On Good Friday, 1861, there was a sovereign in his box, which he kept in his bedroom. On the following day, he went to the box for the purpose of adding a second sovereign to his savings. The first one was gone. He mentioned his loss to his landlady, the prisoner, who declared she knew nothing of it, and that it was a very bad job for him to lose his money. Soon afterwards, he lost a purse with some money in it. In August of the same year, he missed two sovereigns from his box. It was not forced open. On both occasions the lock was opened, and the box locked up again. He mentioned the loss of the two sovereigns to his landlady, and she said, as she had done before, that she knew nothing of it, and that it was a bad job. In cross-examination by Mr. Wilson, the prosecutor said that six weeks after his second loss, he charged a washerwoman, named Eliza Groom, with stealing the money, and she denied it. About twelve months ago, he was told the prisoner had stolen the money, and wrote to her about it. He went to her dwelling two days afterwards, and she demanded to know by what authority he charged her? The box had a common lock. Three or four men slept in the same room. He knew one of them had a key that fitted his box. When he accused the washerwoman of the robbery she said her husband knew all about it. Eliza Groom, a laundress, the wife of Herman Groom, of No. 11, Mountfort-street, Whitechapel, said she used to work and char for the prisoner in 1861. She recollected Mr. Gathergood accusing her of stealing £3. Before the first sovereign was stolen the prisoner said she was going to take a sovereign out of Mr. Gathergood's box, and she should borrow twice, but did not see what she took out. After the prisoner opened the box the prosecutor spoke to her, and said he had lost £3 out of Mr. Woolrych: What did you not mention this before? Mrs. Groom: Because Mrs. Whitson owed me money. Mr. Woolrych: I shall stop this case. I don't believe this woman. If her story was to be credited it would amount constructively to compounding a felony. Because Mrs. Groom could not obtain payment of her account she commits a felony. Mrs. Groom was about to address the magistrate, who told her to go about her business, and discharged the prisoner.

A RUFFIAN.—William Mahony, an Irish labourer, aged 22, and lately dwelling at 24, Harris-street, Millwall, Poplar, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with violently assaulting Alice Bowden. The complainant, a respectable dressed young woman, of eighteen, was on her way home, alone, late on Saturday night, when the prisoner went up to her and stopped her in Anthony-street, St. George's. He made very improper overtures to her. She said, "Do let me go home," and was trying to get away from him, when he struck her a violent blow on the head. It stunned her for a moment. She, however, called out "Murder!" and "Police!" As she was running away he caught her dress and tore it. He struck her again on the face with his fist, giving her two black eyes. He then threw her down and kicked her. Charles Whitson, a police constable, stated that he apprehended the prisoner. The prisoner set up a most absurd defence, every word of which was declared by the policeman and the complainant to be untrue. Mr. Woolrych sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for three months, and also to pay 10s., the estimate of the damage he had done, or be further imprisoned for seven days.

SOUTHWARE.

ROBBERY OF PLATE AND WATCHES.—Joseph Huddell and Elton Williams, middle-aged persons, were placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with stealing an electro-plated tea and coffee service, worth £50, a gold watch and chain, and a silver watch and gold Albert chain, the property of Mr. Richard Holding, corn merchant, No. 67, Tooley-street, Borough. Mr. Edwin defended the male prisoner, the female was undefended. The prosecutor, an elderly gentleman, said that he occupied the upper part of the house, at 67, Tooley-street, and the female prisoner had been for some

time in his service, but left about the middle of April. She however continued to work for the person who occupied the lower part of the house, and she well knew where he kept his valuable property. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 8th inst. witness had, under a glass-case on a side-board in his drawing-room, an electro-plated tea and coffee-service, which was presented to him in 1858, by his creditors, and which bore an inscription to that effect. At the same time he had in a secret drawer, in the side-board, a valuable gold watch and chain, and a silver watch and a gold Albert chain. He left home about nine o'clock, and then the female prisoner was in the place. On his return home to dinner he was surprised at finding the plate gone, and on further examination he also missed the watches and chains. He instantly gave information, but nothing was discovered relating to the property until Thursday, the 25th inst., when the prisoners were apprehended, and the plate and watches found in the possession of pawn brokers, which he now identified. Burcham, a detective officer of the M division, said that he received information of the robbery, and, in company with Broderick, another detective, went to 211, Bermondsey-street, where they found the prisoners, and told them they were constables. The female called him on one side, and asked him whether the prosecutor would hurt her if she told the truth. He told her he could not say, and cautioned her as to what she stated to him. The female prisoner then said, "I stole the plate and watches and chains, which the male prisoner pledged, the plate and gold watch and chains in the Minories, and the silver watch and Albert chain were pledged at Canterbury." He then took her into custody. Mr. Edwin, on behalf of the male prisoner, said that he acknowledged pledging the goods for the female, and he thought she had orders to do so by Mr. Holding. Mr. Burcham fully committed them both for trial.

INFIDENT ROBERT AND ASSAULT ON A BARMAN.—Richard Garland, a powerful fellow well known to the police, was brought before Mr. Combe, charged with stealing a coat from 288, Kent-street, also with assaulting John Linpus, barman at the Crown public-house, in the same street. William Frago said he resided at 258, Kent-street, where he kept a shop to sell clothing, &c. On the previous Thursday while he was in the back part of the shop, he saw the prisoner come up to the doorway and snatch a coat from the railings and run off with it. He pursued him, and shortly afterwards he saw him in the custody of the police. John Linpus, chief barman at the Crown public-house, in Kent-street, said that on the evening in question the prisoner came to the bar and asked for silver for some coppers. He obliged him with it several times, and the prisoner attempted to ring the changes, and defraud him out of two shillings which he had previously given him. The prisoner was served with a quart of rum when he first entered, and because witness would not allow him to defraud him he seized up the measure of rum and threw the contents with much violence into his face, nearly blinding him and causing much pain for several minutes. On his recovery the prisoner had become deaf. Dennis Clark, 118 M, said he knew the prisoner well as a notorious bad character, and on the evening in question he had seen him in Kent-street. On receiving information from Mr. Frago that he had been robbed of a coat, he went in search of him and took him into custody. He had the coat on, which prosecutor identified. Mr. Combe told the prisoner that it was a most impudent robbery, and he must be tried for the offence. Would he be tried by him or go to the sessions? If he preferred the former, he must plead guilty to stealing the coat. Prisoner: I'd rather be tried by you, sir; therefore I shall plead "Guilty." I should not have thrown the rum in the barman's face had he not called me a thief. Mr. Combe sentenced him to the House of Correction at Wandsworth for three months with hard labour. Prisoner: Oh, I can do that little lot on my head. (Laughter.)

LAMBETH.

CARMEN AND PUGILISTS.—James Felt, a cab-driver, badge 1,087, appeared to answer to a summons charging him with making use of filthy, insulting, and obscene language towards Mr. Owen Swift, the well-known ex-pugilist and proprietor of the Horse Shoe Tavern, in Titchborne-street, Regent's-road. Mr. Swift said that on Sunday week, he engaged the prisoner to take him to the 5 o'clock train in the Old Kent-road, and on his getting out of the vehicle, and handing the fare (1s. 6d.) to him, he commenced a volley of the most disgusting abuse—in fact, his language was so bad that, unless compelled, he did not wish to repeat it. The magistrate observed that, however unpleasant, it was necessary to have some of the insulting and abusive language given in evidence. Mr. Swift: Well, your worship, his first expression on my handing him his proper fare, was, "I thought I had some mean—in my cab." And on my requesting him to use better language, his reply was, "Why, you—, you don't understand the language of a gentleman, when you hear it." I asked him if I had not paid him his full fare? and he replied not; that his fare was two shillings, and I offered him another sixpence, but he refused to take it, and was about to repeat his abuse, when he (Mr. Swift) told him he had quite enough of it, and that he would hear of it elsewhere. The defendant, in reply to the complaint, said he was always averse to taking fighting men into his cab, as they were in the habit of not only doing common, but giving them a sound beating into the bargain. He thought at the time, and believed so still, that his fare was two shillings, and was aggravated and annoyed at being offered less. Mr. Elliott remarked that whatever his fare might have been, he had no right to make use of such abominably disgusting language, and must be taught better. For the offence charged, and which was amply proved, he must pay a penalty of 20s., or twenty days. Mr. Swift, the complainant, had expressed his intention to the officer, before the case was called on, to speak favourably of the defendant, and if convicted to pay the penalty for him, but on hearing his insulting defence he very justly left him to his fate, to pay the 20s. himself.

WANDSWORTH.

UTTERING COUNTERFEIT FLORINS.—Two men, who had the appearance of navies, and who gave the names of William Woodhouse and Thomas Revel, were brought up on remand, charged with uttering counterfeit florins. Mr. Bellamy, from the Mint solicitor's office, attended to prosecute. It appeared that the prisoner Revel entered the house of Mr. Wright, of the Queen's Patney, and passed a counterfeit florin, which was immediately detected by Mrs. Wright, who detained it. The prisoner represented that he received it at a public-house in Chelsea, and said it was very hard for a poor man to lose a two shilling piece in that way, and he left, after paying for what he had in good money. He was followed by Mr. Lewis, a baker, who happened to be leaving bread at the house, and he appeared to sympathise with him, though he had a suspicion of him. As they went along Mr. Lewis saw another man, whom he believed was the other prisoner, walking in advance of them. When he left Revel, as he could not see a constable, he instructed his son to watch them, and both the prisoners were seen to join company. Mr. Lewis also saw Revel, when he left him, apparently sorting something he had taken from his pocket. About two hours afterwards Woodhouse passed a counterfeit florin to Mrs. Martin, of the Rose and Crown, Wimbledon. She put the piece into the till without examining it, but her suspicions were aroused by the prisoner hastily drinking his beer and going away. She then looked at the florin and discovered it was bad. Shortly afterwards the other prisoner entered the same house and offered a counterfeit florin, which Mrs. Martin instantly detected and broke it. The prisoner represented that he took it at Chelsea, and on his stating that he was a poor working man she returned the pieces to him. The prisoner went away, but was followed by Mrs. Martin's potman. Revel was seen to throw something into a ditch, and it was found to be the broken florin. The prisoners were taken into custody, but no other counterfeit money was found. The prisoner Woodhouse declared that Revel was a stranger to him. Mr. Bellamy said the three pieces bore the same date. Mr. Dayman committed the prisoners for trial.

GREENWICH.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Kate Alpin, 17 years of age, of 1, Kinburn-street, Rotherhithe, was placed in the dock before Mr. Maude, charged with attempting to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Thames. On the evidence of Sergeant Allen, 31 M, it appeared that at eleven o'clock on the previous night he was passing along the river-side, and when near the Rotherhithe gasworks he saw the prisoner, who immediately ran towards the river and threw herself in. He immediately ran to the spot, and, with the assistance of a waterman, succeeded in rescuing her. On recovering consciousness she told the officer she was sorry she had not been permitted to carry out her intention, but she was still determined to do so. The prisoner, in answer to the magistrate, said she was a servant girl, her last situation having been at boarding-house at Shadwell, and which she had left because she thought that her clothes were not good enough. She declined to say why she had attempted to put an end to her life. The mother of the prisoner, a decent-looking woman, here stepped forward, and said that having been left by her husband, she was obliged to keep a fruit-stall in the street. On the previous afternoon the prisoner, who was her eldest daughter, brought her tea to her, and at eight o'clock in the evening again came to her at her stall. The prisoner had left her situation a week, having informed her that she had had some disagreement with a man in her master's house. The witness told her that she ought to be seeking a situation, as it was impossible for her to maintain her and the other children at home. The prisoner replied that her clothes were not good enough to go to service, and that she should go into the country picking. This the witness remonstrated against her doing, and she went away. Mr. Maude remarked to the prisoner upon the serious nature of her offence, and said that in order that she might have the advice of the chaplain at Wandsworth Quail he should remand her for a few days. The prisoner was then removed into custody.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

In the various new mantles for the season, we notice three styles which appear likely to have the greatest success. The *rotonde*, or round camail, the *casaque*, and the small *paletot*. The *rotonde* is usually made to match the dress. We observe, *en passant* that the complete *toilette en suite* is much worn. The bonnet of *crêpe* is even made to match the shade of the dress, and the parasol corresponds in colour. The shades mostly preferred for these costumes are either a blue shade of violet, or the leather colour, which is just now so greatly in favour. The *paletot* differs but little in shape from the *saut-en-bas* of last year, but the style of trimming is more diversified. The *paletot Gaudin*, and the *paletot Montegarde*, for travelling, are trimmed either with *ruches* or fringes. *Casaques* are usually made in a make of black silk called *faye*, and trimmed with *passementerie guipure*. Straight scarfs are also made of this beautiful article, for which purpose it is well adapted by its extra width. *Rotondes* are much worn, made of the woollen lace called *yak*; others, in anticipation of the warmer weather, are made of white lace. Shawls, of white and black lace, with the upper point rounded, are also being prepared for the more advanced period of the season. Some are lined with taffetas. *Grenadine* *barège* shawls, with a broad reversible point of *guipure*, and trimmed round with *Chantilly* lace or *llama*, are patronised by ladies of the highest circles. The new patterns in printed muslins are very exquisite and graceful in design. In this, as in other materials, the leather colour and brown are much worn. Blue is also a favourite colour. There are three shades principally in vogue. One called the "new shade" is rather light; another, the corn-flower blue; and the third, the deepest shade, is the imperial blue. In taffetas there is a good assortment of new patterns, but nearly all in small designs. The new goods in this material, but in larger patterns, are more exclusively employed for full dress. Since it is now so much the

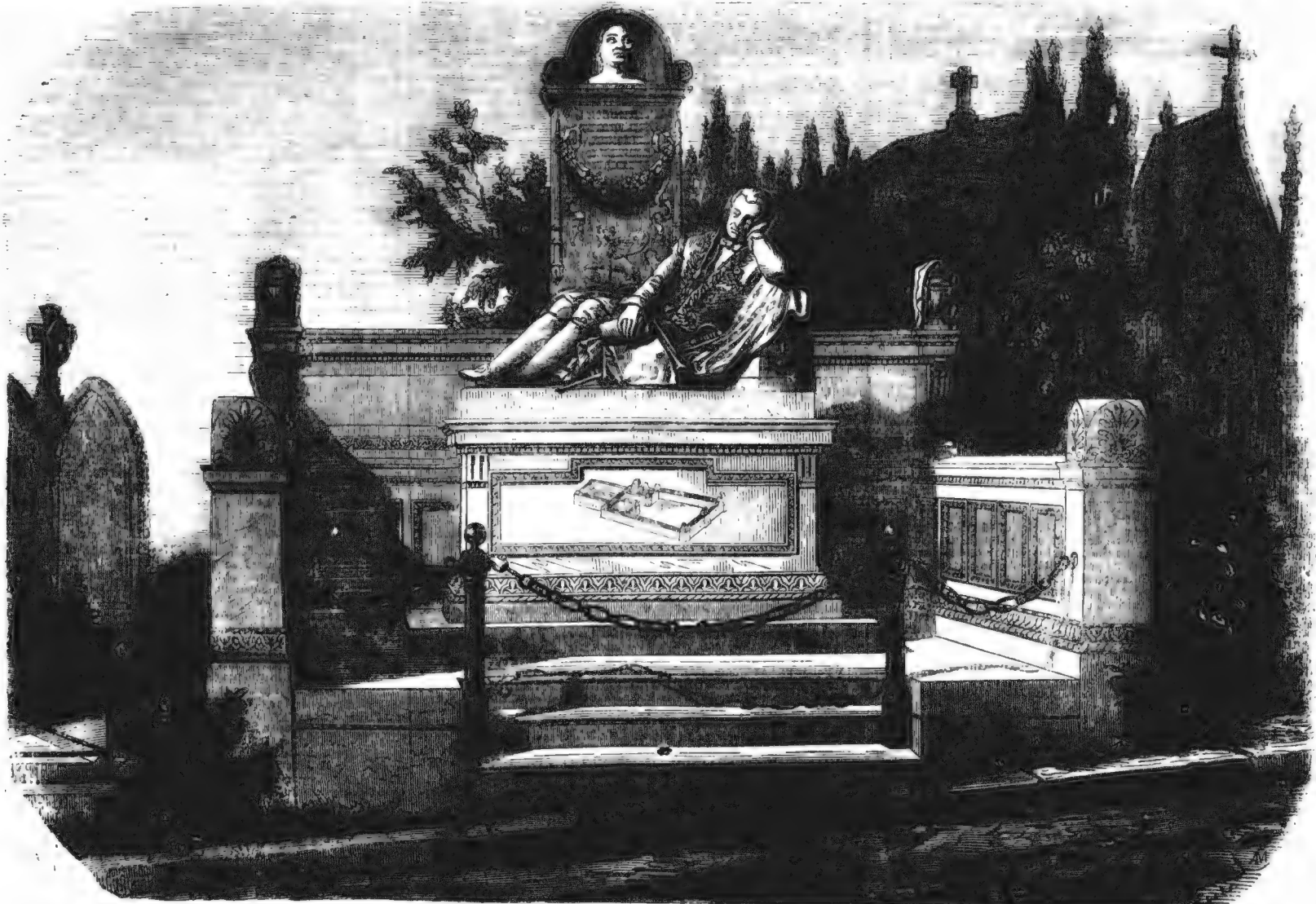
fashion for the whole of the out-door dress to be made of the same colour, the manufacturers have prepared a variety of small patterns in this article, of two or three shades, which produce a very distinguishing effect. The *Swiss sash* combined with the *basque postillion* is a great success. We will describe one which completed a very elegant costume. The dress was composed of taffetas in Mexico blue. At the bottom of the skirt were three waved *chicorees* *ruches* of a deeper shade. Between each was a wide riband of white taffetas covered with an insertion and medallions in black *guipure*.

of lace or muslin, trimmed with ribands, are made. Dresses in worked Indian muslin will be fashionable this summer, and worn out of doors with *rotondes* to match. Although the new bonnets have not undergone much change in form, our principal modistes are displaying so much good taste in the arrangement of trimming, and the choice of materials that we must certainly allow the bonnet of the present season to be a decided improvement on that of last year. The present fine weather has already had the effect of stimulating the demand for summer toilettes.—*Le Follet*.



FRENCH SOLDIERS OF THE LINE.

High body, with *Swiss sash* of *guipure* medallions, over white taffetas, and a small *basque* put on in hollow plaits. Sleeves a *Coude*, trimmed with a jockey to imitate the epaulette of a *Swiss body*, formed of white taffetas and *guipure*, and revers at the bottom of the sleeve to match. Similar sashes are made in *passementerie*; and we have also seen one of a different style on an equally elegant dress. The dress was of *poult de sole* of the shade now so generally known by the name of *cuir*, or leather colour, and was trimmed up each seam with an ornament of *Spanish point passementerie*, with small tassels on each side. The sash and revers on the sleeves were entirely made of *passementerie*. There is a new style of trimming which is very original in character; it consists of a fringe, which, at a distance, has the appearance of *chenille*; but, close at hand, instead of being heavy, is excessively light. Each strand, like *chenille*, is composed of very fine silk, of which four or five rows are placed upon a *passementerie*, producing a charming and novel effect. We have only seen it used on mantles, although made in all colours. Sometimes one row, at other times three, are placed at the bottom. *Paletots* generally admit but of one, and a row to match round the sleeves and pockets. Leather trimmings meet with a certain amount of success, and are even worn on muslin bodices. We do not, however, anticipate a continuance of this style. Many thin bodices and fichus to wear with low-bodied dresses



TOMB IN PERE-LA-CHAISE. (See page 554.)



THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE. (See page 554.)

THE SHEPHERD OF THE KABYLE.

THE engraving we give of this subject is from a French artist, M. Fromentin, a painter well known for his numerous paintings representing Algerian scenes. On the elevated plains of Kabyle the shepherd is such as he is here shown, and leads such a daily life. M. Fromentin is one of the most spirited of the French painters of the present day, and no doubt in devoting his talents to Oriental and African scenery and manners and men he is working in a way

which commends itself to his countrymen and women, who all long to see France rivalling Britain in her commerce and colonies.

THE ex-Dictator of Poland, Langiewicz, is now a close prisoner in the fortress of Josephstadt, and whenever he takes the air he is accompanied by an officer, who does not allow him to speak to any of the passers-by.

MR. W. F. WINDHAM.—The coach horses purchased some time

since by Mr. W. F. Windham were sold on Saturday by Messrs. Spelman. Altogether thirty animals were offered, and realized £460. Several of them were purchased by Mr. Windham in the winter for £30 or £40 each. The coach has been transferred to Mr. T. Raynham, a well-known local coachman, whose name has been substituted upon the vehicle for that of Mr. Windham. Mr. and Mrs. Windham are now living together in London. The lady's debts are said to be all paid.



THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON ON MONDAY NIGHT. (See page 551)

Literature.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

Is a lonely part of the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland, there dwelt a being who was designated by the few who knew and feared him, the Warlock Fisher. He was, in truth, a singular and a fearful old man. For years he had followed his dangerous occupation alone; adventuring forth in weather which appalled the stoutest of the stout hearts that occasionally exchanged a word with him in passing and to fro in their mutual employment. Of his name, birth, or descent, nothing was known; but the fecundity of conjecture had supplied an unfailing stock of material on these points. Some said he was the devil incarnate; others said he was a Dutchman, or some other "far-away foreigner," who had fled to these comparative solitudes for shelter, from the retribution due to some grievous crime; and all agreed that he was neither a Scot nor a true man. In outward form, however, he was still "a model of a man," tall and well made; though in years, his natural strength was far from being abated. His matted black hair, hanging in elf-locks about his ears and shoulders, together with the perpetual sullenness which seemed native in the expression of features neither regular nor pleasing, gave him an appearance undeniably disgusting. He lived alone, in a hovel of his own construction, partially scooped out of a rock, was never known to have suffered a visitor within its walls—to have spoken a kind word, or done a kind action. Once, indeed, he performed an act which, in a less ominous being, would have been lauded as the extreme of heroism. In a dreadfully stormy morning, a fishing boat was seen in great distress, making for the shore—there were a father and two sons in it. The danger became imminent, as they neared the rocky promontory of the fisher—and the boat upset. Women and boys were screaming and gesticulating from the beach, in all the wild and useless energy of despair, but assistance was nowhere to be seen. The father and one of the lads disappeared for ever; but the younger boy clung, with extraordinary resolution, to the inverted vessel. By accident, the Warlock Fisher came to the door of his hovel, saw the drowning lad, and plunged instantaneously into the sea. For some minutes he was invisible amid the angry turmoil; but he swam like an inhabitant of that fearful element, and bore the boy in safety to the beach. From fatigue or fear, or the effects of both united, the poor lad died shortly afterwards; and his grateful relatives industriously insisted that he had been blighted in the grasp of his unhallowed rescuer!

Towards the end of autumn, the weather frequently becomes so broken and stormy in these parts as to render the sustenance derived from fishing extremely precarious. Against this, however, the Warlock Fisher was provided; for, caring little for weather, and apparently less for life, he went out in all seasons, and was known to be absent for days, during the most violent storms, when every hope of seeing him again was lost. Still nothing harmed him; he came drifting back again, the same wayward, unfearing, unhallowed animal. To account for this, it was understood that he was in connexion with smugglers; that his days of absence were spent in their service—in reconnoitring for their safety, and assisting their predations. Whatever of truth there might be in this, it was well known that the Warlock Fisher never wanted ardent spirits; and so free was he in their use and of tobacco, that he has been heard, in a long and dreary winter's evening, carolling songs in a strange tongue, with all the flavour of an inspired bacchanal. It has been said, too, at such times he held strange talk with some one who never answered, deprecating sights which no one else could see, and exhibited the fury of an outrageous maniac.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, that a tall young man was seen surveying the barren rocks, and apparently deserted shores, near the dwelling of the fisher. He wore the inquiring aspect of a stranger, and yet his step indicated a previous acquaintance with the scene. The sun was flinging his boldest radiance on the rolling ocean, as the youth ascended the rugged path which led to the Warlock Fisher's hut. He surveyed the door for a moment, as if to be certain of the spot; and then, with one stroke of his foot, dashed the door inwards. It was damp and tenantless. The stranger set down his bundle, kindled a fire, and remained in quiet possession. In a few hours the fisher returned. He started involuntarily at the sight of the intruder, who sprang to his feet, ready for any alternative.

"What seek you in my hut?" said the Fisher.
"A shelter for the night—the hawks are out."
"Who directed you to me?"
"Old acquaintance!"
"Never saw you with my eyes—shiver me! But never mind, you look like the breed—a ready hand and a light heel, ha! All's right—lap your leg!"

No sooner said than done. The keg was broached, and a good brown basin of double hollands was brimming at the lips of the Warlock Fisher. The stranger did himself a similar service, and they grew friendly. The fisher could not avoid placing his hand before his eyes once or twice, as if wishful to avoid the keen gaze of the stranger, who still plied the fire with fuel and his host with hollands. Reserve was at length annihilated, and the fisher jocularly said—

"Well, and so we're old acquaintance, ha?"
"Ay," said the young man, with another searching glance. "I was in doubt at first, but now I'm certain."

"And what's to be done?" said the fisher.

"An hour after midnight you must put me on board—a boat; she'll be abroad. They'll run a light to the mast-head, for which you'll steer. You're a good hand at the helm in a dark night and a rough sea," was the reply.

"How, if I will not?"

"Then—your life or mine!"

They sprang to their feet simultaneously, and an immediate encounter seemed inevitable.

"Psha!" said the fisher, sinking on his seat; "what madness this is! I was a thought warm with the liquor, and the recollections of past times were rising on my memory. Think nothing of it. I heard those words once before,"—and he ground his teeth in rage; "yes, once—but in a shriller voice than yours! Sometimes, too, the bastard rises to my view; and then I smite him—Bah! give us another basin—full!" He stuck short at vacancy, snatched the beverage from the stranger, and drank it off. "An hour after midnight, said ye?"

"Ay—you'll see no bastards then!"

"Worse, may be—worse!" muttered the fisher, sinking into abstraction, and glaring wildly on the flickering embers before him.

"Why, how's this?" said the stranger. "Are your senses playing bo-peep with the ghost of some pigeon-livered coast captain, eh? Come, take another pull at the keg, to clear your head-lights, and tell us a bit of your ditty."

The fisher took another draught, and proceeded:—

"About five-and-twenty years ago, a stranger came to this hut—may the curse of God annihilate him!"

"Amen to that," said the young man.

"He brought with him a boy and a girl, a purse of gold, and—The arch fiend's tongue! to tempt me! Well, it was to take these children out to sea—upset the boat—and lose them—"

"And you did so!" interrupted the stranger.

"I tried—but listen. On a fine evening, I took them out; the sun sunk rapidly, and I knew by the freshening of the breeze there would be a storm. I was not mistaken. It came on even faster than I wished. The children were alarmed—the boy, in particular, grew suspicious; he insisted that I had an object in going out so far at sunset. This irritated me, and I rose to smite him, when the fair girl interposed her fragile form between us. She screamed for mercy, and clung to my arm with the desperation of despair. I could not shake her off! The boy had the spirit of a man; he seized a piece of spar, and struck me on the temples. 'Now, you villain!' said he; 'your life or mine!' At that moment the boat upset, and we were all adrift. The boy I never saw again—a tremendous sea broke between us—but the wretched girl clung to me like hate! Damnation!—her dying scream is ringing in my ears like madness! I struck her on the forehead, and she sank, all but her hand—one little, white hand would not sink! I threw myself on my back, and struck at it with both my feet; and then I thought it sunk for ever. I made the shore with difficulty, for I was stunned and senseless, and the ocean heaved as if it would have washed away the mortal world; and the lightnings blazed as if all hell had come to light the scene of warfare! I have never since been on the sea at midnight, but that hand has followed or preceded me; I have never—Here he sank down from his seat, and rolled himself in agony upon the floor.

"Poor wretch!" muttered the stranger. "What hinders now my long-sought vengeance? Even with my foot—But thou shalt share my murdered sister's grave!"

The fisher groaned in agony.

"A shot is fired—look out for the light!" said the young man.

The fisher went to the door; but suddenly started back, clasping his hands before his face.

"Fire and brimstone! there it is again!" he cried.

"What?" said his companion, looking coolly round him.

"That infernal hand! Lightnings blast it!—but that's impossible!" he added, in a fearful undertone, which sounded as if some of the eternal rocks around him were adding a response to his imprecations—"that's impossible! It is a part of them—it has been so for years—darkness could not shroud it—distance could not separate it from my burning eyeballs!—awake, it was there—asleep, it flickered and blazed before me!—it has been my rock ahead through life, and it will herald me to hell!" So saying, he pressed his stony hands upon his face, and buried his head between his knees, till the rock beneath him seemed to shake with his uncontrollable agony.

"Again it beckons me!" said he, starting up—"ten thousand fires are blazing in my heart—in my brain! Where—where can I be worse? Fiend, I defy thee!"

"I see nothing!" said his companion, with unalterable composure.

"You see nothing?" thundered the fisher, with mingling sarcasm and fury—"look there!" He snatched his hand, and pointing steadily into the gloom, again murmured, "Look there! look there!"

At that moment the lightning blazed around with appalling brilliancy; and the stranger saw a small white hand pointing tremulously upwards.

"I saw it then," said he, "but it is not hers! Infatuated, abandoned villain!" he continued, with irrepressible energy, "it is not my sister's hand! No!—it is the incarnate fiend's, who tempted you, and who now waves you to perdition! Begone together!"

He aimed a dreadful blow at the astonished fisher, who instinctively avoided the stroke. Mutually wound up to the highest pitch of anger, they grappled each the other's throat, set their feet, and struggled for the throw, which was inevitably to bury them both in the wild waves beneath. A faint shriek was heard, and a gibbering, as of many voices, came fluttering around them.

"Chatter on!" said the fisher; "he joins you now!"

"Together—it will be together!" said the stranger, as with a last desperate effort he bent his adversary backward from the beetling cliff. The voice of the fisher sounded hoarsely in execration, as they dashed into the sea together; but what he said was drowned in the hoarse murmur of the uplashing surge! The body of the stranger was found on the next morning, flung far up on the rocky shore—but that of the murderer was gone for ever!

The superstitious peasantry of the neighbourhood still consider the spot as haunted; and at midnight, when the waves dash fitfully against the perilous crags, and the bleak winds sweep with long and angry moan around them, they still hear the gibbering voices of the fiends, and the mortal execrations of the Warlock Fisher!—but, after that fearful night, no man ever saw the phantom hand!

GABRIEL ADAMSON.

THERE is a cottage in that hollow, and you see the smoke—even the chimney-top, but you could not see the cottage itself, unless you were within fifty yards of it, so surrounded is it with knolls and small green eminences, in a den of its own, a shoot or scion from the main stem of the valley. It is called the Broom, and there is something singular, and not uninteresting, in the history of its owner. He married very early in life, indeed when quite a boy, which is not, by the way, very unusual among the peasantry of Scotland, prudent and calculating as is their general character. Gabriel Adamson, before he was thirty years of age, had a family of seven children, and a pretty family they were as might be seen in all the parish. Gabriel's life was in theirs, and his mind never wandered far from his fire-side. His wife was of a consumptive family, and that insidious and fatal disease never showed in her a single symptom during ten years of marriage; but one cold evening awoke it at her very heart, and in less than two months it hurried her into the grave. Poor creature, such a spectre; when her husband used to carry her, for the sake of a little temporary relief, from chair to couch, and from her couch back again to her bed, twenty times in a day, he never could help weeping, with all his consideration, to feel her frame as light as a bundle of leaves. The medical man said, that in all his practice he never had known soul and body keep together in such utter attenuation. But her soul was as clear as ever—and pain, racking pain, was in her fleshless bones. Even he, her loving husband, was relieved from woe when she expired, for no sadness, no sorrow, could be equal to the misery of groans from one so patient and so resigned. Perhaps consumption is infectious; so, at least, it seemed here; for first one child began to droop, and then another—the elder ones first—and within the two following years, there were almost as many funerals from this one house as from all the others in the parish. Yes—they all died—of the whole family not one was spared. Two, indeed, were thought to have pined away in a sort of fearful foreboding—and a fever took off a third—but four certainly died of the same hereditary complaint with the mother; and not a voice was heard in the house. Gabriel Adamson did not desert the Broom; and the farm-work was still carried on, nobody could tell how. The servants, to be sure, knew their duty, and often performed it without orders. Sometimes the master put his hand to the plough, but oftener he led the life of a shepherd, and was by himself among the hills. He never smiled—and at every meal, he still sat like a man about to be led to die. But what will not retire away—recede—disappear from the vision of the souls of us mortals! Tenacious as we are of our griefs, even more than of our joys, both elude our grasp. We gaze after them with longing or self-upbraiding aspirations for their return, but they are shadows, and like shadows vanish. Then human duties, lowly though they may be, have their sanative and salutary influence on our whole frame of being. Without their performance conscience cannot be still; with it, conscience brings peace in extremity of evil. Then occupation kills grief, and industry abates all passion. No balm for sorrow like the sweat of the brow poured into the furrows of the earth, in the open air, and beneath the sunshine of heaven. These truths were felt by Gabriel Adamson, the childless widower, long before they were understood by him; and when two years had gone drearily, ay, dismally, almost despairingly, by—he began at times to feel something like happiness when sitting among his friends in the kirk, or at their fire-sides, or in the labours of the field, or even on the market-day, among this world's concerns. Thus, they who knew him and his sufferings, were pleased to recognise what might be called resignation and its grave tranquillity, while strangers discerned in him nothing more than a staid and solemn demeanour, which might be natural to many a man never severely tried, and offered no interruption to the cheerfulness that pervaded their ordinary life.

Gabriel Adamson had a cousin, a few years younger than himself, who had also married when a girl, and when little more than a girl had been left a widow. Her parents were both dead, and she had lived for some years, as an upper servant, or rather companion and friend, in the house of a relation. As cousins, they had all their lives been familiar and affectionate, and Alice Gray had frequently lived for months at a time, at the Broom, taking care of the children, and in all respects one of the family. Their conditions were now almost equally desolate, and a deep sympathy made them now more firmly attached than they ever could have been in better days. Still, nothing at all resembling love was in either of their hearts, nor did the thought of marriage ever pass across their imaginations. They found, however, increasing satisfaction in each other's company; and looks and words of sad and sober endearment gradually bound them together in affection stronger far than either could have believed. Their friends saw and spoke of the attachment, and of its probable result, long before they were

aware of its full nature; and nobody was surprised, but, on the contrary, all were pleased, when it was understood that Gabriel Adamson and Alice Gray were to be man and wife. There was something almost mournful in their marriage—no rejoicing—no merry-making—but yet visible symptoms of gratitude, contentment, and peace. An air of cheerfulness was not long of investing the melancholy Broom—the very swallows twittered more gladly from the window corners, and there was joy in the cooing of the pigeons on the sunny roof. The farm awoke through all its fields, and the farm-servants once more sang and whistled at their work. The wandering beggar, who remembered the charity of other years, looked with no cold expression on her who now dealt out his dole; and as his old eyes were dimmed with tears for the sake of those who were gone, gave a fervent blessing on the new mistress of the house, and prayed that she might live for many years. The neighbours, even they who had best loved the dead, came in with cheerful countenances, and acknowledged in their pensive hearts, that since change is the law of life, there was no one, far or near, whom they could have borne to see sitting in that chair but Alice Gray. Gabriel knew their feelings from their looks, and his fire-side blazed once more with a cheerful lustre.

O, gentle reader, young perhaps, and inexperienced of this world, wonder not at this so great change! Thy heart is full, perhaps, of a pure and holy affection, nor can it die, even for an hour of sleep. May it never die but in the grave! Yet die it may, and leave thee blameless. The time may come when that bosom, now thy Elysium, will awaken hot, with all its heavy beauty, one single passionate or adoring sigh. Those eyes, that now stream agitation and bliss into thy throbbing heart, may, on some not very distant day, be cold to thy imagination, as the distant and unheeded stars. That voice, now thrilling through every nerve, and expressive of Paradise, may fall on thy ear a disregarded sound. Other hopes, other fears, other troubles, may possess thee wholly—and that more than angel of heaven seem to fade away into a shape of earth's most common clay. But here there was no change—no forgetfulness—no oblivion—no faithlessness to a holy trust. The widower still saw his Hannah, and all his seven sweet children—now fair in life—now pale in death. Sometimes, perhaps, the sight, the sound—their smiles, and their voices, disturbed him, till his heart quaked within him, and he wished that he too was dead. But God it was who had removed them from our earth—and was it possible to doubt that they were all in blessedness. Shed your tears over change from virtue to vice, happiness to misery; but weep not for those still, sad, mysterious processes by which gracious Nature alleviates the afflictions of our mortal lot, and enables us to endure the life which the Lord our God has given us. Ere long, Gabriel Adamson and his wife could bear to speak of those who were now no more seen; when the phantoms rose before them in the silence of the night, they all wore pleasant and approving countenances, and the beautiful family often came from heaven to visit their father in his dreams. He did not wish, much less hope, in this life, for such happiness had at once been his—nor did Alice Gray, even for one hour, imagine that such happiness was in her power to bestow. They knew each other's hearts—what they had suffered and survived—and since the meridian of life and joy was gone, they were contented with the pensive twilight.

Varieties.

MAY.

THE wet leaves flap, the sad boughs away;
The Spring is dead, and her child May—
May, who fed the nestling bird—
May, who sang at every word—
May, who turned the dew to wine—
May, who bade the sun to shine—

May, who gave us skies of blue—
May, who brought the cuckoo too—
May, who gave the sunbeams power—
May, who sent the hawthorn flower—
May, who buds with soft rain fed—
May, the Spring's dear child, is dead!

Chambers's Journal.

RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.—The Rapids begin about half a mile above the cataract; and although the breadth of the river might at first make them appear of little importance, a nearer inspection will convince the stranger of their actual size, and the terrific danger of the passage. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood regard it as certain death to get involved in them; and that, not merely because all escape from the cataract would be hopeless, but because the violent force of the water among the rocks in the channel would instantly dash the bones of a man in pieces. Instances are on record of persons being carried down by the stream; indeed there was an instance of two men carried over in March last; but no one is known to have ever survived. Indeed, it is very rare that the bodies are found; as the depth of the gulf below the cataract, and the tumultuous agitation of the eddies, whirlpools, and counter currents, render it difficult for anything once sunk to rise again; while the general course of the water is so rapid, that it is soon hurried far down the stream. The large logs, which are brought down in great numbers during the spring, bear sufficient evidence to these remarks. Wild ducks, geese, &c., are frequently precipitated over the cataract, and generally reappear either dead, or with their legs and wings broken. Some say that water-fowl avoid the place when able to escape, but that the ice on the shores of the river above often prevents them from obtaining food, and that they are carried down from mere inability to fly; while others assert that they are sometimes seen voluntarily riding among the rapids, and after descending half-way down the cataract, taking wing, and returning to repeat their dangerous amusement.

GRANVILLE SHARPE.—The grandson of an Archbishop of York, the son of an Archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker, who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of Trinitarianism and the Atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and connected with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinian—he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love a Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian—to pity the Atheist—and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him while alternately measuring grapes and muslin, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics. The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the Office of Ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature so singular and so lovely which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of thought combined with profound reverence for holy authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

Wit and Wisdom.

CERTAIN CURE OF A COLD IN A PRIMA DONNA.—Stop her salary, or put a rising vocalist in her part.

"From our private correspondent," as the father said when he received a letter from his son who had enlisted as a common soldier.

WHAT can be the meaning of playing up "mag's diversion?" asked some one of somebody else. Somebody else answered, and correctly, we think, "Getting as much fun as you can for sixpence."

As itinerant blind and teetotal fiddler, whose wife also is a teetotaler, having his *twenty-second* child presented to him by the midwife, the other day exclaimed, with dolorous facetiousness, "What! the pledge again! how often must I take it?"

A PATIENT of some distinction that was teasing Peter Pinder with his symptoms, and who had nothing scarcely to complain of, told him he frequently had an "itching," and begged to know what he should do. "Scratch yourself, sir," replied Peter; which laconic advice lost him his patient.

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement in the American war. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate beside him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

GROWING DESPERATE.—Col. Greene, of the *Boston Post*, an old bachelor, gives the following notice in his paper of the 12th of January: "Notice.—The girls will please take notice that leap year will end on the 31st inst."—*Savannah Georgian* [Charles, Nathaniel, Charlotte, Frederick, my dear children, what will your mother say, when she reads what the Savannah gentleman publishes?]

A GENTLEMAN, staying late one night at the tavern, his wife sent his servant to say that it was twelve o'clock. "John," said he, "go home and tell your mistress it can be no more." The man, by his mistress's order, returned at once. The answer then was, "It could be no less." "But, sir," said the man, "day has broke." "With all my heart," replied the master, "he owes me nothing." "But the sun is up, sir." "And so he ought to be, John, ought he not? He has further to go than we have, I am sure!"

"WORKING YOUR PASSAGE" IN AMERICA.—Pat applied to the captain of a canal-boat at Albany, to know if he might "work his passage" to Lockport. Jonathan said, "Certainly." and assigned to his Irish friend the task of *leaving the horse*. Pat seemed satisfied for some time, but by the time he got to Schenectady a new light had broken in upon him, and he inquired how much it would cost him if he went as a passenger; "For by the powers," said Paddy, "I'd almost as soon go a-foot as work my passage in America!"

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—De Conserbatilis make row 'bout agricultural interest. Me tell you what it mean—it mean a stalk of wheat. De not is de labourer dat produce it, de straw is de farmer dat support it, an' de landlords are de ears

that receive what de oder two produce and support. Now, it berry clear dat de ear can't stand widout de stalk, nor de stalk widout de root; den mutual benefit shoud be de band dat bind up de shock; but me shocked to say it "more toder." Dey will tell you dat for ebery moub Gop send de moufful. Berry true; but a'pse all de mouffuls be at one house, an' all de mouns at anoder, eh?

INTERROGATORIES FOR PLAYERS.—What do actors and actresses mean by saying, "Skee-ye," "Blee-yew," "Kee-yind," and "Dis-gyee-ise," for Sky, Blue, Kind, and Disguise? Are the ladies and gentlemen in question aware that all those words are words of one syllable except the last, which has two, and of which they make three? Are they ignorant of these facts, or do they think it fine or elegant thus to tamper with the Queen's English? If they do, let Punch seriously assure them that they are mistaken; he very much wishes that they would break themselves of this habit, which he can never go to a theatre without being annoyed by. Especially has he to complain of certain "Walking gentlemen;" to whom he would feel greatly obliged if they would pay a little more attention to their Walker.

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It may be had, or will be sent by post, on application at the Company's Offices, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand; 60, Sloane-street, S. Kensington; 1, Union-place, New Kent-road; 20, New-castle-street, Strand; and the Station, Westminster-road.

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